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THOMAS STANLEY:

A Biographical and Critical Study,  
With some Account of the Influence of Marinism  
On the Lyric of the later 17th Century.



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Interest in Thomas Stanley has been revived since the publication of his poems, <sup>in 1921</sup> ~~over a year ago~~, in the third volume of Professor Saintsbury's "Minor Caroline Poets", and this essay aims at giving a fuller account of his life than at present exists, and a critical estimate of his work, especially as a lyric poet. Neither the life nor the work of Stanley is of outstanding interest, either intrinsically or historically, but the study of this man and his poetry is peculiarly fitted to become the basis of a survey of the work of a small school of minor Caroline poets, with most of whom he was on terms of intimate friendship and among whom his reputation was extremely high. The chief result of the examination of his poems has been to establish the existence of a prevailing strain of Italian influence, hitherto realised vaguely and imperfectly; and a similar treatment of the work of contemporary poets of the same type has strengthened the theory that the influence of Marino and his followers, superficial and unimportant in Donne and his school, became, fifteen or twenty years after Marino's death, the staple of the already declining English lyric and that eventually the surfeit of a conventional, limited and too easily imitated fashion drove the metaphysical lyric out of existence.

As far as the life of Stanley is concerned a good deal of new matter has come to light: facts about his family and descent, and his numerous relations and friends, many of them valuable in establishing a clearer impression of the man and his setting: facts about the Enyon family and their Royalist and literary connections: facts about Stanley's life, and particularly his petitions to Charles II and his association with the Temple and the Royal Society.

The study of his poetry has made it possible to trace to their source all the poems, indicated only generally as translations, which had not hitherto been traced, to correct in some cases the existing attributions, and to indicate the relation of Stanley's original lyrics to those of Donne and Carew, and particularly to those of the Italians. Two short poems in a serious vein, not before printed, have come to light, but these are unimportant.

The closer investigation of Stanley's poems naturally suggested that the conclusions it pointed to would be borne out in the work of contemporary poets, especially those of his own coterie, and in view of the relative unimportance of the subject it seemed desirable to indicate more generally the extent to which Italian influence is found in contemporary

lyrics, while treating in greater detail those of Lovelace, Shirley, and the later Philip Ayres, and especially of Sir Edward Sherburne, in whose case the new facts vitally affect the estimation of his poetry. The accumulated evidence of definite and extensive Italian influence sheds new light on the history of the Caroline lyric and explains much of the artificiality and lack of inspiration of its decline, and herein lies the justification of a somewhat intensive treatment of work in itself slight and often of little true poetic value.



## I.

In spite of the fact that Thomas Stanley finds a place and a distinguished one in the literary biography of the 17th and 18th centuries, the story of his life has been, and apparently will remain, a chronicle of incidents, a mere succession of impersonal externalities which never disclose the inner thoughts or feelings of the real man. Stanley's life reveals no tangle of motives and struggles as do the lives of many of his contemporaries in an age when the evolution of thought was peculiarly affected by ecclesiastical and political upheaval and the reason may be that he was temperamentally and by fortune one of those who escape at once inner strife and the buffetings of the harsher side of life. He is eulogised for learning and virtue by Antony à Wood,<sup>(1)</sup> in virtue of his incorporation in the University of Oxford, and the accounts of him given in the 17th century by Edward Phillips in his "Theatrum Poetarum" and repeated, with brazen plagiarism twelve years later by William Winstanley in his "Lives of the Poets" and more briefly by Aubrey<sup>(2)</sup> in his "Lives of Eminent Men" add little or nothing to the information given by Wood; while the same is true of the 18th century accounts given by

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(1) Fasti Oxoniensis - Vol.I p.285.

(2) Aubrey alone mentions Stanley's two younger sons.

Giles Jacob<sup>(1)</sup> and David Erskine Baker.<sup>(2)</sup> The one valuable account of Stanley's life has been less accessible and less obvious by reason of its form. This is the Latin eulogy by William Wotton, appended to Scaevola Sainte-Marthe's "Elogia Gallorum" published in 1722. The value of this depends partly on the recognised reliability and scholarly conscience of William Wotton, whose precocious feats in the way of reading intelligently from Spenser, Virgil, Homer, and the Book of Genesis in Hebrew at the age of six were solemnly attested by Sir Thomas Browne, and who later became the friend of many men of note, including Bentley and Sir Isaac Newton, and partly on the fact that his wife, Anne Hammond, was the daughter of Stanley's first cousin, Elizabeth Marsham, and thus he must have had ample opportunities for verifying his information. Stanley, in spite of an undoubtedly great contemporary reputation and the eloquent, though superficial, eulogy which was granted him for a considerable time after his death, for long attracted little interest. Sir Egerton Brydges published an edition of his poems in 1814, which a memoir largely derived from that prefixed to the 1743 edition of the History of Philosophy, but it is within the last thirty years that some attention has been bestowed upon his life and different aspects

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1) Lives and Characters of the English Poets 1720. Vol.II. p.204.  
2) Biographica Dramatica 1782 Vol.I.p.682.

of his work. Mr.A.H.Bullen published a beautiful edition of his Anacreon in 1893; Professor Saintsbury after long delay published his poems in 1921 in the third volume of his "Minor Caroline Poets" an enterprise which was undertaken before the edition of original lyrics edited in 1907 by the late Miss Louise Imogen Guiney; and in the "Revue Hispanique" of February 1920, Mr.Henry Thomas dealt with him in an article on the English translators of Gongora.

Though Stanley was a scholar whose life reveals little personality and little human interest, yet his circumstances and opportunities, the number and quality of his friendships, and the immensity of his intellectual energies, reflecting as they do, the many-sided tastes and activities of his day, justify the attempt to give a fuller account of him than at present exists. He belonged to a branch of the house of Derby, his great-grandfather, Thomas Stanley, being an illegitimate son of Edward, third Earl of Derby. This Thomas apparently lived on terms of some intimacy with his father's family, and his son James was buried at Eynshan Abbey, near Oxford, a religious house which on the dissolution of the monasteries had become a seat of the Derby family, a monument to his memory being erected in the Chancel of the Abbey Church. James Stanley, after a successful career as an Attorney of the King's

Bench,<sup>(1)</sup> established this branch in a solidly prosperous fashion in Hertfordshire and possibly in Essex; and his son Thomas added to the estates accumulated by his father and was knighted in 1621.<sup>(2)</sup> After the death of his first wife<sup>(3)</sup> [(Mary, daughter of Sir Roger Apulton, of South Benfleet in Essex. By her he had three sons all of whom died without heirs,)] Sir Thomas Stanley married in October 1621<sup>(4)</sup> at the Church of Bishopsbourne, Mary Hammond, of St. Alban's Court in Kent, and by her he had at least three children, Thomas the subject of this study, and Elizabeth and Steward of whom nothing is known except that they survived infancy.

The Stanleys were associated in the time of James Stanley especially with Hertfordshire.<sup>(5)</sup> He appears to have acquired as his family seat the estate of Cumberlow, near Clothall, but

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(1) Topographer. Vol.III. p.111.

(2) Metcalfe. A Book of Knights, p.179.

(3) Mary...., Visitation of Essex, 1634. (Harleian Society Publications) p.493.

(4) October 15, 1621. Thomas Stanley, Gent. and Mary Hammond, married. Bishopsbourne Register. Topographical Miscellanies. Vol.I. under St.Albans.

(5) For the Stanleys in Hertfordshire see Channing - Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire - 1700 pp.51a, 52a, 74b, 192b, 208b, 210b. Salmon - History of Hertfordshire - 1728 - pp.245, 246, 331. Cussans - History of Hertfordshire - 1870. I (Hundred of Odsey) pp.65, 66, 72, 73. (Half Hundred of Hitchin) p.162. II. (St.Margaret's) p.136. Victoria County History - Hertford - III p.267, 268, 390, 392.



he appears also as owner of the Manor of Grumbolds which included a house, and in some of the hazy accounts of the Priory of Ware he appears as owner of that also. It is clear that he was a man of substance, and he may have acquired the estate of Leytonstone in Essex which was perhaps the chief residence of his son, Sir Thomas, but the history of this has perished. It appears from a Visitation of Essex in 1634 that Sir Thomas and his family were then living at Leytonstone but either Sir Thomas or his son must have parted with it, and it has long since completely vanished. Sir Thomas added to the lands of Cumberlow the adjoining estate of Rushden,<sup>(1)</sup> and apparently also St. Margaret's near Ware, a Vicarage inappropriate with possibly a manor in addition. To judge from a list of sums lent to Charles I by the gentlemen of Hertfordshire in 1625,<sup>(2)</sup> he was one of the larger landholders there, he lent £20, the amount contributed by several others, £30 being the largest sum which appears. His marriage with Mary Hammond also is some indication of his position: the Hammonds are one of the most interesting families of the time, though more by reason of their extensive literary connections than their own achievements or prestige.

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(1) Notes of Fines Div. Co. East 24 Chas. I.

(2) Additional MSS 11291 British Museum.

The Hammond relationship accounts for so much in the life of Thomas Stanley that it deserves some notice here. Sir William Hammond had five daughters celebrated for their beauty who by their marriages contributed to the literary clannishness of the 17th century commented on by Professor Saintsbury. Mary the eldest, married Sir Thomas Stanley, and her son the subject of this paper became one of the outstanding scholars of the middle of the 17th century and a poet of elegance if not of power, the centre of a poetic brotherhood himself and an associate of the leading intellects of his day. Elizabeth married Sir Thomas Marsham, the Chronologer, who is credited with the first attempt at elucidating the Egyptian antiquities: their sons inherited their father's intellectual interests, and their daughter Elizabeth married another William Hammond and was the mother of the Anne Hammond who became the wife of the learned William Wotton. Margaret married Henry Sandys the nephew of George Sandys the translator of Ovid, a member of a family already allied to the Hammonds in a preceding generation. Another sister married Sir Robert Dormer of Chearsley in Buckinghamshire, and to her Thomas Stanley dedicated his poems. Of the three sons of Sir William, one William, was himself a poet and in Joseph Hunter's "Chorus Vatum" is said to "appear to have been a Fellow of Pembroke

Hall and ejected in 1643", so that his affection for his nephew may have been fostered by community of studies and poetical tastes at Cambridge. The Hammonds too, through their mother, Elizabeth Awner, were connected with the Kentish Lovelaces, and both Richard Lovelace and his brother Dudley Posthumus Lovelace were on terms of intimate friendship with their young relative, whose literary leanings as well as his own personal amiability may have accounted to some extent for their interest.

All these facts point to an environment favourable to the cultivation of a scholarly and many-sided culture. Thomas Stanley was born into a family nobly descended on one side at least, which by the energy of James Stanley, Citizen of London, had attained something of the dignity which would have been given it by inheritance, if the bend sinister had not existed - a family too which boasted literary traditions, especially through Ferdinando Stanley, the fifth Earl, the poet dramatist of Elizabeth's reign, of whom Spenser wrote

He, whilst he lived, was the noblest swain  
That ever piped upon an oaten quill.  
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintain,  
And eke could pipe himself with passing skill.

and William, the sixth Earl, an Elizabethan writer of comedies to whom plays of Shakespeare have been attributed.<sup>(1)</sup> His

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(1) J.H.Greenstreet - A hitherto unknown noble writer of Comedies. 1891. Further notices of William Stanley, 1891.

father, Sir Thomas Stanley, was a landholder of some importance, and his mother came of one of the most interesting families of the day so far as literary associations are concerned; he had the advantage of unusually varied and notable encouragement in study and poetry, and it seems to have influenced his career to some extent that his grandmother, Lady Hammond, married as her second husband Walter Balcanqual, the Scotch Dean of Rochester, who later became Dean of Durham. To this marriage it may have been partly due that Stanley was sent to Pembroke Hall of which Dean Balcanqual's brother William was then Master, though it seems likely that his uncle, William Hammond, was at that time a Fellow of the College, and to the connection with Durham which ensued, there seems to be good ground for tracing his friendship with John Hall, the much lauded author of "Horae Vacivae", who by some curious aberration of the taste of the learned, was greeted at Cambridge as a prodigy of wit and learning.

Thomas Stanley was born in 1625 at Cumberlow, and of his early life little is known; it may be surmised that it was spent chiefly at Cumberlow and Leytonstone. It is known that he was educated at home and had for his tutor William Fairfax, son of the translator of Tasso, with whom he remained on terms of friendship for long afterwards and to whom he later



acknowledged that his scholarship owed much. He matriculated at Pembroke Hall in December 1639 and "cooptatur in ordinem magr. in Artibus per gratiam, Mar.12.1641, una cum principe Carolo, Georgio Duce Buck. et aliis nobilibus"<sup>(1)</sup>, and in 1640 he had taken the degree of M.A. at Oxford. Of his life at Cambridge we know little, except that he prospered in the study of classics, of philosophy, and of modern literature and was regarded as something of a prodigy. William Wotton says that he applied himself to the writing of poetry at this period, and young though he was, it seems likely that he did; in any case, it seems certain that he indulged his taste for the literatures of France, Spain, and Italy, and laid the foundations of the elegant artificial style which he later manifested in his poems. The length of his sojourn in Cambridge is doubtful, and unfortunately there is no evidence of friendships formed there. It is said that his intercourse with the Master of his college was marked by an unusual degree of intimacy as the result of the family connection, and it is probable that at this time the friendship with his uncle, William Hammond, ripened into the strong affection which Hammond records so profusely in his poems, but we have no proof that he knew either Cowley or Crashaw then resident at Cambridge. It seems safe to conjecture that some vacation was spent at Durham with

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(1) Sir E. Brydges - *Restituta* vol. III. p. 248.

his grandmother, now the wife of Dean Balcanqual, and that he there first made the acquaintance of another precocious student, John Hall, who in dedicating his poems to Stanley in 1646, says "What I was first indebted to you at Durham I endeavour to acquit in part here at Cambridge," and although a Republican apparently contrived to continue through the Civil War his friendship with the Royalist Stanley. But Stanley's association with the North must have been slight; for the unfortunate Dean of Durham was driven from the deanery in 1642,<sup>(1)</sup> and died in 1645.<sup>(2)</sup>

The Cambridge period is followed by another similarly lacking in illuminating detail. The Civil War broke out: Stanley's family associations were entirely Royalist, but the part played by the Stanleys of Cumberlow is nowhere disclosed. It is generally asserted that Thomas Stanley travelled extensively on the Continent at this time; but William Wotton,

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(1) J. Walker - Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy - Part II, p.19.

(2) As the writing of the King's declaration in 1639 was attributed to him; he was regarded with violent antagonism by Parliamentarians<sup>an</sup> and was forced to flee for safety to the King at Oxford. After a time of peril and hardship, he died of exposure at the village of Chirk in Denbighshire, where a monument to his memory still adorns the Church. See Huthinson "History of the County of Durham, Vol.I. p.256.

by far the most reliable source of information in spite of the fact that he wrote quite forty years after Stanley's death, says quite plainly, "parentes Stanleii nostri cum sororibus patriam commutarunt solo illum postea non revisuri. Ipse apud suos mansit et Londoni in "Hospitio medii Templi" studiis legum municipalium destinato, per complures annos literis humanioribus in tuto delitescens otio, se totum applicuit." In addition, it is clear from a poem addressed by William Hammond to Stanley "On his translation of two Spanish novels" that he had not visited Spain. Hammond says:-

. . . . . yet not the thing betrays  
 My soul to so much wonder, as the ways  
 And manner of effecting; that thy youth  
 Untravell'd there, should with such happy truth  
 Unlock us this Iberian cabinet,  
 . . . . .  
 Herein the greatest miracle we see  
 That Spain for this hath travell'd unto thee. (1)

Stanley's translations of "Aurora" and "The Prince" of Montalvan were published in 1650, Hammond's poems in 1656, so that the Civil War was over before Hammond wrote those lines. But John Hall supplies evidence that Stanley was in France before 1646, though in his poem, "To Mr. Stanley after his return from France," (2) there is nothing to encourage the belief that this particular stay in France had reduced England for long to the plight of a barbarous nation. It was during

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(1) Minor Caroline Poets. Vol. II p. 505.  
 (2) Minor Caroline Poets. Vol. II p. 200.



this period that he formed a close friendship with Edward - afterwards Sir Edward - Sherburne, a strong Royalist and, through his mother, a distant kinsman of the Stanleys. Sherburne was a Roman Catholic and suffered severe vicissitudes of fortune, in which Stanley is said to have relieved him while they were both furtively resident in the Middle Temple. Another distressful friend of these days was James Shirley, the dramatist, an older man who seems to have had real cause for the gratitude which he publicly expressed to the young scholar.

Stanley's connection with the Middle Temple at this time is not attested in the Temple documents. It is likely that he lived there without any intention of studying law and enjoyed a comparatively quiet life while the country was in a state of turmoil. But curiously enough there is evidence of his having been associated with the Temple at a much later stage in his career. In May 1664 he was admitted to the Middle Temple: in 1668 "he presented copies of his Aeschylus and his History of Philosophy to the Inn: also of his Psalterium Carolinum or the devotions of his Sacred Majesty (Charles I) in his solitudes and sufferings, rendered into verse":<sup>(1)</sup> and in May, 1670 he was called to the degree of the Utter Bar "of grace".<sup>(2)</sup> The only account of Stanley which refers to this later association

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(1) Notable Middle Templars. p.233.

(2) Middle Temple Records - Vol.III.p.1249.



with the law and the Temple is that of William Wotton, which has the following postscript added by Sainte-Marthe:- "Hic adiungo, quae noti ita multo post ad me perscripsit celeb Wottonus - "Post reditum, inquit, Caroli II in regnum Stanleius, legum patriarum iam consultissimus, causis agendis in foro Anglicano operam dedit per aliquod tempus. Ferunt eum fendorum Anglicorum genera, quae Icti nostri Tenuras vocant (de quibus exstat singularis liber Littletoni, magni illius iuris patrii oraculi) in disticha redegisse stylo eleganti et fido. Sed ea interiere et forsitan illa in publicum prodire nunquam auctor voluit." The references in the Middle Temple records and the allusion of Wotton tend to the view that Stanley in his later days entered more into practical life than he had formerly done: his motives, if it be so, must remain obscure, though it is significant that the terms of his will prove that his later years were hampered by debt. As far as the period of the Civil War is concerned, the probability is that Stanley lived chiefly at the Temple, and may have travelled in France, especially if Wotton is right in stating that Sir Thomas Stanley and the other members of the family were among the English Royalists who took refuge there. This covers Stanley's life until 1648 when his father settled Cumberlow on him on his marriage to Dorothy Enyon.<sup>(1)</sup>

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(1) Notes of Fines Div.Co.East 24 Chas.I.

Stanley's attitude to the Civil War, so far as it can be ascertained, is very much what was to be expected of an amiable and studious youth who had apparently found his surroundings in childhood and later at Cambridge entirely to his taste, - quiet, friendly and conducive to study. His family associations were all Royalist, and some of his relatives, such as Dean Balcanquhal and William Hammond, and friends, such as Edward Sherburne and James Shirley, had undergone real suffering in mind and estate for their king; but though Stanley's own sympathies were entirely Royalist and may have been intensified by his betrothal to Dorothy Enyon, whose father and other kinsfolk were among the hot-headed Cavalier supporters of Charles, his inclinations were all pacific, and his petitions to Charles II after the Restoration are evidence that he never took up arms in the king's cause, all ~~this~~ pleas being grounded on the generosity of Sir James Enyon and the consequent impoverishment of his family. Miss Guiney, in the introduction to her edition of Stanley's poems, says that his "Psalterium Carolinum" "published three years before the Restoration, proves at least that if he were a non-combatant for the cause he believed in, he was no timid truckler to the power which crushed it"-a defence of his attitude which is invalidated by the fact that the first edition in 1657 bore only the name of the composer of the music, the celebrated

John Wilson, and it was not until the edition of 1660 that the name of Stanley appeared.

Though he passed the time in serious study, the fruit of which was to enrich the world later on, it was in the ten years or so following the Cambridge period that most of his lighter work in prose and, more important, in verse, was composed. He published the first edition of his poems in 1647, the second in 1651, and a revised edition appeared in 1652. This was followed by a large selection of the poems with one or two additions, set to music by John Gamble and published as "Ayres and Dialogues to be sung to the Theorbo-Lute or Bass Viol" in 1653 and 1657, a collection which according to Professor *Noorman* (1) distinguishes Stanley as the most fortunate of all the Cavalier lyricists in the setting of his songs. In 1647 he published also his translation of Montalvan's prose "novela," "Aurora" and from *Bion, Moschus, Anacreon, Anacreon etc.* In 1650 appeared his translation of "The Prince," and in 1649 poetical translations of Preti's "Oronta" and in 1651 other translations from the French, Italian and Spanish. From this it is evident that the season of his enforced retirement was also that of his poetic productiveness, and by 1651 practically all his lyric poetry was written.

It is said at the outset that in Stanley we find none of

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(1) "Robert Herrick" p.199.

the intensely personal interest which abounds in the lives and works of so many 17th century figures. A Cavalier, but a non-combatant one, a poet whose inspiration quite clearly never proceeded from the rapture or the sorrow of love, a scholar, but apparently not a thinker whose self-torture was inflamed by the intensity of his perceptions or his intuitive realisation of the urgency of the quest for truth, he seems, in his way, to have made the best of troublous times, pursuing knowledge and generously using the wealth which he retained in happier fashion than many of his contemporaries, to help those sufferers in the Royalist cause who could claim his help through kinship of blood or of letters. His portrait by Lely is the only memorial of him which truly speaks - it <sup>or</sup> pretrays him as he was in early manhood, handsome in a sedate and mild dignity, pleasing in feature, and benign in expression, most certainly courteous and quietly chivalrous, but lacking in individuality and vitality. But he is a typical figure: his life is interesting more for its associations than for its incidents, more for the network of Royalist and literary friendships that it so markedly assorts than for the personality in which these met.

Thomas Stanley was born into an interesting family, and he certainly doubled the number and the interest of his



associates when he married Dorothy Enyon, the eldest daughter of Sir James Enyon, of Flore in Northamptonshire, the village where Robert Gomersall was writing in 1625. This marriage, celebrated by Richard Lovelace and William Hammond in poetical addresses, must have reinforced Stanley's Royalist sympathies, and it certainly counted for much in the influences which it brought into his life. The Enyon family had a history in some ways similar to that of the Stanleys, though it claimed no trace of noble descent. The founder of it was a certain James Enyon, a brewer of Whitechapel,<sup>(1)</sup> who settled at Honingham in Warwickshire and later acquired the manor of Flore, near Daventry. This James Enyon - who died in 1623 - and his wife Constance are buried in Honingham Church, where there is a monument to his memory and that of his son James, and his grandson Sir James Enyon, erected by Dorothy Enyon after her marriage to Stanley.<sup>(2)</sup> Dorothy's father, the son of James Enyon the second, and Dorothy Coxe of Bishop's Itchington, was educated at Gray's Inn and Christ Church. He afterwards acquired the estate of Bishop's Itchington and was apparently, like Sir Thomas Stanley, one of those off-shoots of the middle class quite firmly established as a landholder in the course of one generation. He married into a family of greater prestige, his wife being Jane daughter of Sir Adam Newton of

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(1) Visitation of Warwickshire 1619. Harleian Society Publications. p.195.

(2) W.D. Digdale - Antiquities of Warwickshire - Vol.I.p.360.

Charlton in Kent by Dorothy, the daughter of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, Sir John Puckering, who was at one time Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. He was created a baronet in 1642 but was killed in a duel a few months later by his friend Sir Nicholas Crispe, at the quarters of the Royalist army in Gloucestershire.<sup>(1)</sup> He had one son who died before him and was buried in the Church at Flore, and the title became extinct, his property being divided equally between his three daughters, Dorothy who married Thomas Stanley, Constance who became the wife of a Richard Minshull, and Catherine who married first Sir John Garrard of Lamer in Hertfordshire, and afterwards Sir George Buswell of Clipstone. Of the life of these girls we know nothing. They probably lived until they married in the charge of Lady Enyon, who died in 1664.<sup>(2)</sup> Much of the property of Sir James Enyon was sold to pay his debts, the result of his devotion to Charles I, but the estate of Flore passed in equal shares to his daughters and in 1668 the two elder sisters sold their shares. They were regarded as heiresses, and

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(1) The fatal result made an indelible impression on the mind of the survivor, who ever after wore mourning, except in the field of battle when he cherished the hope of being united to his friend by a fortunate bullet, and through life hallowed every return of the melancholy anniversary by closing his chamber in darkness and devoting himself to fasting and prayer." *Baker. History of Northamptonshire. vol. I. p. 153.*

(2) *S.E.C. Complete Baronage. p. 167.*

William Hammond says of Stanley's marriage<sup>(1)</sup>

Her soul she, and her wealthy flocks  
Mingles with thine; braids her bright locks  
Becomingly with thy brown shade  
Whence the morn is so sweetly doubtful made.

thus giving too the only personal detail known about her,  
that she was fair-haired.

Stanley was through the marriage brought into relations  
with the Newton family where he found congenial friendship.  
The Scotch Sir Adam Newton, the father of Lady Enyon, is  
described as an admirable scholar<sup>(2)</sup> and he was, although a layman  
Dean of Durham some time before Dean Balcanquhall. He left two  
sons, the elder of whom, Sir William Newton, was succeeded by  
his brother Henry, afterwards known as Sir Henry Newton  
Puckering to whom Evelyn frequently refers as his "noble friend."  
This Sir Henry was a staunch Royalist who, like Stanley, was a  
good friend to many impoverished Cavaliers, and, unlike him,  
fought for the king and later came into active collision with  
the Parliamentarians, after he had accepted pardon for his  
"delinquency."<sup>(3)</sup> He was a man of culture, and to him Stanley

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(1) Minor Caroline Poets, Vol.II. p.505.

(2) After being tutor and secretary to Henry, Prince of Wales,  
the eldest son of James I (who created him a baronet) on  
the young prince's death he became treasurer to Charles I  
then Prince Charles, and later was made secretary to  
the Marches of Wales.

(3) D.N.B.



dedicated his edition of Aeschylus. Lady Newton was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Murray<sup>(1)</sup> whose career resembled that of Sir Adam Newton considerably in external features. Lady Newton's sister Anne, who became Lady Halkett, was one of the most picturesque figures of her day, and it is through the closeness of the intercourse between Stanley and the Newtons that we find her associated with Stanley, acting for his wife, in a petition to Charles II for compensation for suffering through the Civil War.<sup>(2)</sup> Lady Halkett in her autobiography<sup>(3)</sup> never mentions Stanley, and we may assume that the quiet scholar barely existed for the vivacious Anne, whose romantic entanglements and adventurous career, ~~combined~~ combined with the naive revelation of her character, make the story of her life one of the most entertaining memoirs of the 17th century. But I cannot refrain from mentioning that it was she who procured the girl's clothes in which the Duke of York, afterwards James II, escaped to France and gave him for his comfort in the panic "a Wood Street cake (which I knew he loved)": that she was responsible for more than one duel; and that she later, after extremely lengthy visits to friends who entertained their

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(1) Also a Scotsman - tutor and afterwards secretary to Prince Charles. After temporary disgrace and imprisonment he was made the first lay Provost of Eton.

(2) Calendar of State Papers - Domestic Series, 1661.

(3) published by the Camden Society in 1875.



penniless guest with more or less ample generosity, arrived at Fyvie Castle in Aberdeenshire, where she relieved on a scale wonderful for the time the sufferings of soldiers wounded at the Battle of Dunbar, and also succeeded in turning away Cromwell's soldiers from the very threshold of her panic stricken hostess, Lady Dunfermline.<sup>(1)</sup>

Stanley's marriage was apparently a happy one. This is suggested by the tone of the complimentary poems addressed to him on the occasion of it and by the fact that Roger Daniel, the printer, dedicated a volume of John Hall's "Emblems and Elegant Fancies" to Dorothy Stanley; and there is one trifling human touch which might be regarded as the expression of Stanley's feelings for his wife, namely the presence on the fly-leaf of one of his note books, now in the University Library at Cambridge, of the words "Dorothy Stanley." The book presumably was never hers, and the words might be fancifully interpreted as the tracing of the name while his thoughts were on its owner. But the most striking proof is to be found in his will, with its complete trust in the wisdom of "my deare|wife, Dorothy Stanley." Their life seems to have

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(1) She eventually married Sir James Halkett, a Scotsman who for long could not succeed in capturing the affections bestowed on the already married Colonel Bamfield, and after his death she was reduced to keeping a kind of boarding-school for girls of high rank, until James II rewarded her for her part in his escape with a pension of £100 a year.

been spent chiefly at Cumberlow, though visits to London were probably frequent. Some of the Hertfordshire property was disposed of, and the Stanleys seem to have given up the connection with the Ware district and settled entirely in the neighbourhood of Clothall. The fate of Leytonstone cannot be traced, and it seems likely that, if it descended to Stanley he sold it also. It must have been a life of quiet comfort and intense study, sweetened by numerous friendships. Pepys does not mention Stanley, but Evelyn under the date 26th November 1659 records, "I was introduced into the acquaintance of divers learned and worthy persons, Sir John Marsham, Mr. Dugdale, Mr. Stanley and others."<sup>(1)</sup> His friends were many and their acknowledgment of friendship frequent and fulsome. He was of a retiring nature and took little part in public life; but he was a Justice of the Peace for Hertfordshire, and from the Sessions Rolls of the County of Hertford we get a glimpse of him in the pursuit of his duties - a picture tinged with ludicrous suggestion showing the mild scholar in company with the choleric historian of Hertfordshire who ascribes to him among other excellent qualities "a facetious and generous humour" - in an entry under the date of January 1673-4 -

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(1) The presence of Sir John Marsham seems to indicate that Evelyn here refers to Thomas Stanley rather than the brother of the Earl of Derby with whom he is identified by the late Mr. Austin Dobson in his edition of the Diary.\*

- "Certificate by H. Chauncy and Tho. Stanley, two justices of the peace, that they have viewed a certain foot-bridge at Cromer, in the parish of Yardley, for which the inhabitants stand indicted, and found it to be in good repair." In parochial affairs he appears to have been generous and very likely was one of the donors of a sum of money for the benefit of the poor, the origin of which by 1786 could only be vaguely assigned to one Stanley and others.<sup>(1)</sup>

Although his marriage was almost certainly happy, his family life was not entirely without its sorrows, and these for Thomas and Dorothy Stanley, as for as many parents of these unhygienic days, came through the loss of children in infancy or early childhood. They lost three little sons. One, Sidney, is buried in the Church at Flore; he was born 28th December 1651 and died 17th January 1652, and from a poem<sup>(2)</sup> addressed to his mother by William Hammond on his birth - a poem which contains a reference to the youth of his parents surely adorned with poetic licence - he appears to have been the second son, so that Thomas, the eldest of the three sons who survived, must have been the eldest child. Two other sons, both called James, are buried in the Church at Clothall: one was born 18th February 1658 and died 8th October 1659, the other was

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(1) Cussan's History of Hertfordshire I. Hundred of Odsey p.73.

(2) Minor Caroline Poets II. 506.



born 4th December 1684 and died twelve days later. Thomas the younger was like his father a precocious student and at the age of about fourteen published a translation of "Claudius Aelianus his Various Histories" (1688) with a dedication to Sir Henry Newton. Of George and Charles, who were minors at the date of their father's death, nothing is known.

Stanley's daughters all grew up and married suitably, two in Hertfordshire and one in Buckinghamshire. The eldest, Dorothy, married William Brand of Hornead Magna. She was left a widow, for her husband died in 1677 at the age of twenty-five leaving one son, Thomas. She is not mentioned in Stanley's will made in 1678 but she did not die until 1684 and there is nothing to account for the omission. Another daughter, Mary, married Benjamin Gardiner of Thundridge Bury, who died leaving her with a family of four sons and two daughters who bore the family names of Mary and Dorothy.<sup>(1)</sup> The manor of Rennesley at Standon apparently belonged to Benjamin Gardiner and descended to his niece Sarah who was the wife of Thomas Kilpin, a member of the family into which Stanley's youngest daughter, Joan, had married. Joan Stanley became the wife of Thomas Kilpin,

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(1) She seems to have been fortunate in her father-in-law, by Chancy's account a man of many virtues and "endowed with great nobility, discretion and patience which his wife did often exercise."



Rector of Great Linford: their son Thomas, whom Wotton refers to as worthy of his ancestry, sold his share of the paternal inheritance and like his uncle Thomas Stanley, the Younger, took up residence in the Middle Temple.<sup>(1)</sup>

As far as one can tell, these facts point to Stanley's being reasonably favoured in his home life and conscientious as a landowner, though with no love of parish politics. His trials were not overwhelming, and bereavement and illness came to him in less tragic form than to many. William Hammond in his poems reveals to us that Stanley had illnesses, a fever and small pox which seems to have disfigured him, but from these he recovered. The extent of his published work is evidence that he must have led a life of constant study, his History of Philosophy and his edition of Aeschylus alone being monumental, and the collection of notebooks at Cambridge increases one's respect for the amount of learning and the careful study which must have preceded these minutely elegant entries in the large volumes.

It is perhaps surprising to find Stanley, after the Restoration, among those who inundated Charles II with fruitless petitions for some material recognition of their past devotion to the royal cause. It appears that he found himself crippled

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(1) Lipscomb - History of Buckinghamshire. Vol.IV.p.230.

in estate as his children grew up and married; in any case we know that he sold a good deal of his father's property, and that he was not quickly discouraged in his attempts to get compensation for the financial embarrassments which had come upon the Enyon family through their loyalty to Charles I: we have Wotton's word for it that Stanley seriously practised law in his later years; and, most important, his will proves that he died in debt and left his family not too well provided for. The reason for this state of affairs is not given, but it seems likely that the generous and possibly impractical student felt to some degree consequences of the Civil War which more stringently affected many of his friends. In the Calendar of State Papers - Domestic Series - we find Stanley petitioning the King in January 1661, "for the office of entering bills and orders, and granting copies of orders at the Council of the Marches of Wales", with the significant comment that "the office of receiver of His Majesty's revenue as Prince of Wales was granted to Sir James Enyon, who by supplying his household when the revenue was obstructed, and lending the late King 1,800 l, contracted great debts." On 24th May 1661, he petitioned the King for "a lease of the moiety reserved to His Majesty of the goods imported which are not of the growth or manufacture of the place (whence imported) but which have not hitherto been of much benefit to him", and

added a statement of the services of Sir James Enyon to Charles I, this time estimating his loan to the King at £1500 but adding the information that he raised a troop of horse at his own charge. Both petitions were, like so many others, completely ignored, and on 17th June of the same year he joined with Lady Halkett in petitioning "for the place of Collectors and Receivers of the additional Customs imposed by Act of Parliament." Lady Halkett's statement of her grounds of the claim to compensation is brief, but convincing, and she seems to have been treated with scant gratitude after her sufferings, which arose in the first place from her share in effecting the escape of the Duke of York to France; but Stanley again bases his petition on the sufferings of Sir James Enyon who is this time described as having "lent the King £1800, supplied his household with money, and contracted great debts thereby," in addition to having raised the troop of horse already referred to. The failure of the third effort seems to have convinced Stanley that nothing was to be looked for from the Crown, though he doubtless felt that his version of the "Eikon Basilike" with its humble dedication to the son of the martyr King might have had a more obvious sentimental appeal to the graciousness of his sovereign than a recital of the services of his wife's father, now nearly twenty years dead. But in 1663 he seems to have decided that half a loaf is better than

no bread, and perhaps cynically, petitioned for a benefit which would cost Charles nothing. He asked the King "to prohibit all others from printing an edition of Aeschylus set forth by him with great pains," and on 2nd July, there appears the record of a "grant to Thomas Stanley of licence for 21 years for the sole printing of Aeschylus' Greek tragedies, the text of which has been reformed by him and illustrated with a Latin translation and scholia never before extant." With this Stanley appears to have perforce been satisfied, and he never again appeals to the King.

Stanley had long been regarded as one of the outstanding figures of his day by some men not unknown to history, chiefly scholars, and poets now justly rated as minor. The extravagant style of the dedications of the period renders them colourless and garrulously uncommunicative, but the fact that so many volumes were addressed to Stanley shows that he was considered a recognised critic, a man of great scholarship and poetic genius, and a minor Maecenas always ready to encourage with money as well as praise. Edward Phillips dedicated his "Theatrum Poetarum" to Stanley and Sherburne jointly; Sherburne and John Hall both dedicated their poems to Stanley; Shirley's play "The Brothers" is prefaced by a dedication, in which an underlying sincerity can be traced, "to his truly noble friend



Tho. Stanley esq." in recognition of good offices received; and John Gamble dedicated his setting of Stanley's verses to their author. He was often celebrated in verse - by the Lovelaces, by John Hall and Willian Hammond, by Alexander Brome, and others whose fame has perished. To these he was undoubtedly a good friend, and, though his easy temperament and courteous serenity must have made him welcome in any company, he seems to have been more intimately associated with these lesser lights than with the more virile figures of his time. Evelyn met him: Sir Thomas Browne<sup>(1)</sup> writing in 1658 to Ashmole says "Mr. Stanley gave me the honour of a visit some few years past" and implies that Stanley and Ashmole were known to each other; in Stanley's notebooks are letters written to the learned but scandalous Dutch cleric, Isaac Vossius, Canon of Windsor,<sup>(2)</sup> but it is in the records of the Royal Society that we find the clearest evidence of his always being in touch with the men of greatest academic and scientific repute of a time vitally interested in knowledge, and especially appetent of fresh discovery in science and philosophy. These records, however, make it equally clear that his retiring nature made him, here as elsewhere, a shadowy figure, unassertive even in the company of those who recognised his

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(1) Ashmole MSS. 1788 art. 18. fol. 153.

(2) The subject of Charles II's observation, "He is a strange man for a divine: there is nothing he refuses to believe but the Bible."

claims to the deference of the learned. It is significant of Stanley's repute that he was proposed as a candidate for membership of the Royal Society at an early stage in its history, a year before it received its first Charter. He was proposed on June 26th, 1661, and elected on August 14th, and his name appears on the list of registered fellows published in 1663.<sup>(1)</sup> He remained a member until his death in 1678, but during almost twenty years of membership he apparently never uttered a word which should contribute to the proceedings of the society. His name is found in a list of Committees (30th March 1664) suitably included in that "For Histories of Trade" but there is no trace of any resulting activity; in February 1666, he had to be requested to pay the arrears in his subscription, one of a company of eight defaulters which included Waller and Dryden; and in October 1675 he again appears as a laggard, being named as one of those who must be requested to give their "positive answer" as to whether they will sign a certain bond or not.<sup>(2)</sup> It is difficult to imagine that Stanley enjoyed the dissections and unpleasant experiments over which the learned gentlemen wrangled with quite undue seriousness, but we cannot doubt that he found much to interest him in the real quest of knowledge which dictated their

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(1) Birch - History of the Royal Society. Vol.I.pp.32, 41, 240.

(2) Birch - History of the Royal Society. Vol.I.p.407, Vol.II.p.65, Vol.III.p.228.

activities and was an enthusiastic if taciturn member of the society. The obituary notice of him quoted in Birch's "History of the Royal Society," a tribute of learning to learning, is a more substantial appreciation of his scholarship than any of the frothy extravagances of his poetic friends. It was during his membership of the Royal Society that he was officially associated with the Middle Temple, and it seems likely that these years were spent in constant contact with notable men of the day and that his residence at Cumberlow was varied by frequent residence in London.

Of his latter years little more can be told. His great works, the History of Philosophy and the Aeschylus were published before he was forty, and Wotton states that as he became older his health failed and he was unable to devote himself so strenuously to study. After a long illness he died at the age of fifty-three at his lodgings in Suffolk Street, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, on 12th April, 1678 and was buried in the middle aisle of the Church of St. Martin's. His will,<sup>(1)</sup> made less than a fortnight before his death, makes his wife his sole executrix and gives instructions for the sale of Cumberlow, "with all convenient speed" to discharge the mortgages thereon and also that "due to Dr. Price upon the

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(1) See Appendix.

Lease of the Parsonage of Flower in the County of Northampton." After provision for his younger sons, George and Charles, he directs that the residue is to be divided between his son Thomas and his daughters Joan and Mary, while all his personal estate goes to his wife. His son Thomas died unmarried, and as nothing has come to light about George and Charles, the subsequent history of the family remains obscure.

Cumberlow was sold by his widow and eldest son to Joseph Edmonds and by 1720 it was reported that no trace of the home of the scholar poet remained, and he lived for long only in the cold and impersonal story of his scholarship, a sphere in which "admirable" must ever one day give place to "antiquated", the author of the first English history of philosophy and of an edition of Aeschylus that for long was admittedly the best procurable.

So the story of his life ends. One has only to study the <sup>or</sup>portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, to reflect on the complete absence of even unconscious disclosure of faults or weaknesses in all existing accounts of his character, and to remember the evidence of his generosity to distressed Royalists and his encouragement of poetic ambition in others, to feel convinced that the uneventful record of his quietly prosperous life, with its happy marriage, its numerous friendships



and opportunities for sharing in the commonwealth of letters, tells in its discreet generalities the truth about the man. He was by birth a gentleman, by temperament a scholar, and by the freak of fashion a poet. Undoubtedly acute in mind and amiable by nature, there is in his life and his work no trace of fire, no elusive suggestion of that living individuality which endears to posterity the memory of many of his less worthy contemporaries. He was passive in the Civil War, though his sympathies were honestly enlisted by the King's cause; he never entered into degrading negotiations with the opposing side and there is no suspicion of stain upon his honour - but his passivity speaks for itself and indicates a trait which perhaps accounts for the curiously general terms in which all accounts of his life and character are expressed. His work apart from scholarship, was of a piece; his tastes inclined to the decadent and the effeminate, and his workmanship, graceful, though liable to sudden and lamentable collapse, was marked by its reflection of his tastes and by its stress on neat elegance and measured artificiality. He was intensely interested in the modern literatures of France, Spain and Italy, and this aspect of his taste and its influence will be dealt with fully in the account of his works: and it will be my purpose to bring out the extent to which he stands as a representative of one trend of 17th century poetical taste and

as an influence in propagating that taste, and how the belated efflorescence of Italianate extravagance which he embodies, coming as it does after the vigorous flourishing of the truly metaphysical in Donne and others and contemporaneously with the opposing tendencies of Waller and Denham, represents the most complete decadence of metaphysical poetry through its reliance on second-hand inspiration and its whole-hearted imitation of the conceits of the most fantastic Continental fashion and especially those of Marino and his followers, and thus indirectly gave an impetus to the swing of the pendulum in the opposite direction.

## II.

The voluminous nature of Stanley's works and their tremendous demands on time and scholarship make it unlikely that the mass of his work will ever be the subject of just and adequate criticism, and it is equally true that the accumulation of jejune and lifeless matter in much of his translation from the modern tongues paralyses even the patient interest of the student of the literary tastes of his time. It is as a poet that Stanley appeals to his critics nowadays, and here it is that aspect of his work, in its relation to foreign literature and as a byway of English poetry, that will be most fully dealt with; but first some account will be given of his other works, which in view of the emphasis on his poetical genius is necessarily not chronological.

Stanley's work as a scholar was in his own opinion and in that of his contemporaries his life work, and the importance of his History of Philosophy and his Aeschylus supported this view, but the day has come when his poems will be read a hundred times oftener than his learned volumes will even be glanced at. The History of Philosophy, written at the suggestion of Sir John Marsham, appeared in four volumes: Volume I appeared in 1655, Volume II in 1656, and Volume III in 1660, while the fourth volume was issued in 1662 under the

title of "The History of Chaldaic Philosophy." The work was in the nature of a historical compilation and contained verse extracts, chiefly from Plato, and it contains the "Platonic Discourse upon Love from the Italian of John Picus Mirandula in Explication of a Sonnet by Hieronimo Benivieni," which had been published with other translations in 1651. The bulk of the history is derived from Diogenes Laertius, but Stanley based his account of Platonic philosophy upon Alcinous and of the Peripatetics upon Aristotle. The history is for its date exhaustive, but it is also dull, and the conscience of the compiler never gives place to the enthusiasm of the philosopher. The second edition, in one volume, came out in 1687, and the third in 1700, and a fourth prefaced by a memoir of the author, was published in 1743. The fame of the work was not confined to England, and by 1660 some parts had appeared in French at Paris, while the first three volumes, translated into Latin and added to by Geoffrey Olearius, were published in Leipzig in 1711. The fourth volume was translated into Latin and annotated by John le Clerc and was issued at Amsterdam in 1690 with a dedication to Bishop Burnet and reappeared later in Volume II of le Clerc's "Opera Philosophica."

The History of Philosophy was followed rapidly by the famous Aeschylus with a Latin translation and numerous notes,



which was long regarded on the Continent as well as in England as the standard edition. It first appeared in 1663 - or according to some copies in 1664 - and was dedicated to Sir Henry Newton, and was republished in de Pauw's edition in two volumes in 1745, while the text and the Latin translation were reprinted at Glasgow the following year. Porson corrected the text and reissued it in 1795 and 1806, and published the Latin version separately in 1819, and between 1809 and 1816 the whole edition, revised and enlarged, was published by Samuel Butler. This edition was the occasion of the accusation made by Charles James Blomfield that Stanley borrowed numerous emendations from Casaubon, Scaliger, and Dorat, and the controversy was touched on in the Edinburgh Review in 1809 and 1812 and in Museum Criticum (Vol.II-498) and in the Quarterly Review in 1821, but the outcome was that no real dishonour was attached to Stanley's reputation.

Along with these books must be considered Stanley's note books which came into the possession of John Moore, Bishop first of Norwich, then of Ely, and were sold, with the rest of his famous library, to George I for presentation to the University Library at Cambridge. These volumes, written with immaculate neatness in a small clear hand, contain amongst other things commentaries on Aeschylus, adversaria on passages

in Sophocles, Euripides, Juvenal, Persius, Callimachus and lesser classical authors, and also the prelections on Theophrastus' "Characters". which provoked the accusation from Bentley that Stanley had borrowed them without acknowledgment from Duport, once Professor of Greek at Cambridge, an accusation repeated later by Peter Needham in the introduction to his Theophrastus in 1712. It is only fair to state that Bentley suffered from the counter-accusation of having used Stanley's comments on Callimachus, and the controversy, one of no great interest, can be studied in a pamphlet addressed to Hon. Charles Boyle in 1699 and entitled "A Short Account of Dr. Bentley's Humanity and Justice to those authors who have written before him, with an honest Vindication of Thomas Stanley Esq., and his Notes on Callimachus." The notebooks also contain an essay on the firstfruits and tenths of the spoil said in the Epistle to the Hebrews to have been given by Abraham to Melchisedek.

This brief sketch of Stanley's work in the fields of classical and philosophical learning should give some impression of the scope of this side of his work, and it cannot but cause amazement that one so competent in scholarship and so continually in contact with the grandeur of the classics should have given time and interest so freely to the translation of the flimsier Alexandrian art of amorous pastoralists. When

this expression of his taste is taken in conjunction with the similarly trivial spirit of his translations from the modern languages and the extent of his interest in authors, sometimes elegant but always lacking in depth of thought and feeling, fresh light seems to be shed on his character and he appears more than ever one whose scholarship was of the acquisitive kind and not the sort that is rooted in a passion for nobility and perfection in every department of life.

His translation of the Anacreontea, however, is a graceful version which we would not be without, and is now accessible in a charmingly illustrated edition published by Mr. A. H. Bullen in 1893. The couplets are examples of ordered simplicity, and Stanley need not fear comparison in this field with Cowley. The Idylls of Bion which include the lament for Adonis, an effective version of the advice to a young man not to pursue love, and a delightful short description of Cupid's coming to learn to sing of a poet who learns from him of love, are not unworthy of their translator, and the translations of Moschus are equally satisfactory, if lacking in intrinsic beauty. Stanley also gives English form to the "Pervigilium Veneris," with its haunting refrain "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet." But of all the translations in this group the most interesting is that of "Cupid Crucified" of Ausonius, which contains a passage in itself true poetry, so



eloquent of plaintive lovers' fates that it can survive some of the poet's lapses - as, for example, when a little later he perpetrates this cryptic horror, "She husband's, sire's this, that her guest's sword bore" - and richly deserves quotation.

As in a spreading wood scarce pierc'd by day  
They 'mongst thin reeds and drooping poppy stray,  
Lakes without fall, and rivers without noise  
Upon whose banks sad flowers, by name of boys  
And kings once known, i' th' cloudy twilight wither  
Self-lov'd Narcissus, Hyacinth together  
With Crocus goldenhair'd, Adonis drest  
In purple, Ajax with a sigh imprest,  
These, who in tears their love's unhappy state  
(Though dead) with constant grief commemorate  
Times past unto the ladies represent.

Here Stanley is at his best as poet as well as translator. The emotional quality of the scene is one to which his temperament responded, and the sensuous melancholy is wonderfully reproduced by means of suggestively coloured epithets and subtle word-music the whole a finely woven tapestry of gray and dull gold. With these it is convenient to notice Stanley's translations from the modern Latin of Joannes Secundus, the Dutch poet, born at the Hague in 1511, whose "Kisses" suggested the later "I Baci" of Marino. The sentiment is hectic, but there is occasionally a gush of feeling, and there is some charm in the poem beginning "As in a thousand wanton curls the Vine", with its suggestion of romance in the stanza

There their fair mistresses the Heroes lead  
And their old loves repeat  
Singing or dancing in a flowery mead  
With myrtles round beset.



But the excessive celebration of

"Kisses a hundred hundred fold  
A hundred by a thousand told  
Thousands by thousands numbered o'er  
As many thousand thousand more."

quickly palls; and poet, translator, and reader seem equally to be commiserated. These poems indirectly influenced Stanley's original poetry, though to no marked extent, and the kiss described in VIIIas "such as cold virgins to their sire" must have suggested those lines in "The Icy Kiss":-

And those cold maids on whom love never spent  
His flame, nor know what by desire is meant  
To their expiring fathers such bequeath.

It must be remembered in dealing with all these translations that we have Stanley's word for it that they "were never further intended than as private exercises of the language from which they are deduc'd"; not must it be overlooked that they were accompanied by numerous "excitations" intended to shed light on their meaning and spirit. These excitations consisted chiefly of classical and modern translations, and some were of considerable length, as, for example, the translation of part of St. Amant's "The Debauch", of Marino's "Gold" and his description of Europa, and Ronsard's paraphrase of Bion, and among the excitations on "Venus Vigils" occurs a passage ending with the fresh ringing words

\*Ercyine, appear, appear,  
Thy bright star no longer hide  
Come, enjoy thy pleasures here  
Freely as on wond'ring Ide.

But these translations, in spite of being avowedly linguistic exercises, are significant in their theme and sentiment as indicating the trend of Stanley's taste, and the very presence of excitations suggests that the scholar never left the poet untrammelled by tradition and the craze for comparison, if indeed the poet had more than an intermittent existence.

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It is Stanley's interest in the literature of Italy, Spain, and France that bears specially on his own poetry, and although some of these translations too were definitely undertaken as exercises in language, they deserve attention. Mr. A. H. Upham in his study<sup>(1)</sup> of French influence on English literature of this period insists too exclusively on the influence of France on England and ascribes too much to the fashion set by Henrietta Maria and her retinue; for the English tradition was strong, and in poets as different in spirit as Donne, Carew, and Montrose, it is impossible to ignore the note of strength and freshness, even in the careless gallantry of Carew, the peculiar vitality which could not be choked by cumbrous metaphysicalities or the petrified gossamer of conceited love fancies. It is perfectly clear that in Stanley and his fellows the native note has vanished. Stanley

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(1) "French Influence in English Literature from the Accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration." 1908.

owes something to Donne and more to Carew, but the debt is verbal, superficial; and it is because he and the other poets to be dealt with reflect deliberately, and in spirit very largely, a phase of culture which left a greater mark on the history of literature in Italy, France and Spain than in England that it seems desirable to devote space to a brief survey of the prose and poetry chosen for translation by Stanley, the most representative of the group.

Stanley's longer translations include Preti's "Oronta, the Cyprian Virgin", a lurid and uninteresting poem describing the captivity and violent death of Oronta, "more noble by her virtue than descent", and her fellow-captives. Stanley's version is in couplet form, and the presence of inversion and elision is symptomatic of the changes creeping into poetry at this time. The horrors are described with dreary and occasionally ludicrous crudity, and eventually after the explosion at sea which caused the death of Oronta and her friends,

In haste the mothers (mothers now no more)  
Collect th' unknown scorcht reliques on the shore,

—as summary and business-like a method of dealing with a tragic situation as poetry can produce. Marino's "Echo" is also translated into couplets equally unattractive. The French group consists of Théophile's "Sylvia's Park", dismally



elaborate in its meanderings until the poet suddenly sees Sylvia "angling in the brook" and continues

Thus I beheld the fishes strife  
Which first should sacrifice its life  
To be the trophy of her hook

and describes the ensuing excitement of the universe, so intense that

The doubtful sun with equal awe  
Fear'd to approach or to withdraw

and

The listn'ing grass refrained from growing.

He also translated "Acanthus' Complaint" from the pastoral poem by Tristan l'Hermite, this time employing stanza form. Finally the Spanish element is represented by the excessive luxuriance of Boscan's "Love's Embassy" and one of the "Solitudes" of Gongora, after 130 lines of which it is a relief to find the words, "difficiles valet nugae". All of these are entirely without poetic appeal, and the reading of them is only rendered less painful by the unconscious revelation of the seriousness and lack of humour with which a sober scholar could toy with such flamboyant trifles. The fact that they were published in response to requests from outside reveals equally the distortion of taste then prevalent, though, in view of some poetry of today and the extravagant appreciation with which it meets, the situation may be less startling than it seems at first sight.



The prose translations consist of two Spanish novela interspersed with poems, from the pen of the prolific Juan Perez de Montalvan. One, "Aurora" is a story of the lover of the high-born Aurora for Pausanias, a shipwrecked youth who was on his way to seek her in marriage but whose rank is temporarily concealed. All through there is great insistence on rank - "We will not say Aurora was in love: though her solitude might require it, her greatness would not consent to it," and so forth. And though it is said that when she wakes to find Pausanias at her bedside "warmed with a modest bashfulness she changed the lillies of her cheeks to roses", the style is generally simple and the naivete of sentences like "so sudden was their departure that Aurora had not time to weep" (on the occasion of parting from Pausanias) reminds us a little of Malory's distressed damsel on whose departure "The King was glad for she made such a noise." The tale consists of the unravelling of highly artificial complications, and there is a happy ending. The whole is unreal and at once sophisticated and ingenuous. "The Prince" is equally artificial and emphasises rank as strongly, the machinery is unconvincing, there is no character or descriptive interest, and time was sadly wasted on the reproduction of both in English.

These intrinsically worthless productions have been granted this space because there is some point in realising

the preoccupation of men of learning rather than of fashion, with trivialities and the extent to which it illustrates the tendency of the time to bring England into line with the Continent. Dr. Mackail finds in this effort at cosmopolitanism reason for the significance of Sir Richard Fanshawe, and it is as clearly marked in Stanley, who lacked poetical fire and thus was the better fitted to be a mirror of the influences at work on his culture. His love of translation betrays the thinness of his inspiration, and he is akin to those Elizabethan someteers who, in spite of their craftsmanship, can be regarded as mere translators by reason of their failure to transfigure their sources with their own emotion. There is too in the couplets some prosodic interest, and they manifest signs of the unconscious steps towards the stopped couplet in one whose mastery over the metres of the Caroline lyrists was considerable.

Another of Stanley's works was the "Psalterium Carolinum" a rendering of the "Eikon Basilike" in verse, but it is as a lyric poet that he is to be chiefly considered, because in this aspect he sheds light on a chapter in the history of 17th century poetry, obscure and of no great intrinsic value, but historically interesting as the most definite and unmingled reflection in England of the fashion so extravagantly popular

in France, Italy and Spain under the names of *Préciosité*, *Marinism*, and *Gongorism* respectively. Stanley is peculiarly Italian in his affinity, and he was not the first English poet to owe homage to Guarini and Marino, both of whom had a deep influence on the work of the earlier and isolated figure of Drummond of Hawthornden, nor can we ignore the Italian inspiration of much in Crashaw, and in a more general way in Donne and his successors, though of none could it be said that they were merely Marinists, confined by their discipleship to a narrow province in the spacious realm of poetry.

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Poetical taste in the middle of the 17th century was the meeting place of two antagonistic tendencies: metaphysical poetry, always marked to some degree by the outlandish and the far-fetched, dwindled into a garish assortment of threadbare conceits nowhere illumined by passion or intensity of thought, and alongside could be distinguished the growth of the school of commonsense with its interests and its sources of illustration restricted to the generalities of experience and finding comfortable, unbewildering utterance in the couplet of Denham and Waller and Dryden. The decadence of metaphysical poetry lies mainly in its growing stress on the conceit, above all on the empty and unemotional love conceit,



and the limitations which this imposed on the intellectual as well as the formal aspect of poetry, decadence being here, as always, the outcome of a disregard for the fundamental tenets of artistic form, the due preservation of proportion between the elements of thought, feeling, and expression. The seeds of decay are unmistakeably present in the artificiality of Provençal poetry and the troubadour attitude to love and to woman, and cannot be ignored in Petrarch and Tasso. Platonism and anti-Platonism alike are fatal if they be allowed to dominate the poet of love; both are inadequate as crystallisations of human experience and can only carry conviction when they truly express a sincere, if intensely individual experience, as in Dante's "Vita Nuova," that record of Platonic love which touches the heart because there is no doubt that Dante's love for Beatrice was Platonic - which implies one-sided - and for him was above all a means to a fuller realisation of the Divine Love. But philosophy gave way to paradox, and there passed over the poetry of Europe a current of feverish energy running riot in the application of extravagant figures, particularly to the emotion of love in its most superficial aspects. It was the heyday of metaphor. But this fashion had its more serious side, and especially in France and Spain the quest of conventional elegance reacted on the language and contributed to its civilisation. In



France, Italy and Spain, the manifestations of this culture were striking, and the relations between French *préciosité*, Italian Marinism, and Spanish Gongorism, long vaguely entangled, have been the subject of study within recent years, the results of which must be briefly stated because of the light they shed on the nature of Stanley's affinity.

The French influence is least important with regard to Stanley and affected him only generally, as any accessible expression of a congenial artistic method would; and its results are seen chiefly in his direct translation. The influence of Marino in France has been discussed by Mr. <sup>c.</sup>W. Cabeen<sup>(1)</sup> who draws a sharp distinction between Marinism and *préciosité*. He discredits the theory that Marino's visit to the Court of Louis XIII in 1623 resulted in the propagation of his poetic theory, on the ground that his disreputable past must have prevented his penetration into the chief literary circle of the time, the Hôtel de Rambouillet, which had been formed by Catherine de Vivonne, the half-Italian wife of the Marquis de Rambouillet, as a centre of "esprit" and morality, in her revulsion from the immorality of the Court. This salon recognised the authority of Malherbe, and even its literary relations with Marino were scanty. The outstanding members

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(1) L'Influence de Giambattista Marino sur la littérature française - 1904.

were Chapelain, Vincent de Voiture, Théophile, and St. Amant, the last three of whom supplied Stanley with the sources of translations already discussed. Chapelain wrote a preface to "L'Adone" of Marino, but later wrote "Pour son Adone, c'est une mer qui n'a <sup>ni</sup> fond ni rive et que jamais personne que St. Amant n'a pu courir entièrement." St. Amant was sufficiently interested in Marino to write poems in imitation of "La Sampogna," but the badinage of Voiture and the work of Théophile, banished for an attack on an Italian favourite of Louis, show no trace of a peculiarly Marinist inspiration. Mr. Cabeen comes to this conclusion:- "Il paraît légitime de considérer le mauvais goût français connu sous le nom de "préciosité" et le mauvais goût italien appelé parfois "Marinisme" ou "Secentismo" comme des phénomènes distinct dans leur origine et dans leur histoire, encore qu'ils présentent plus d'un ressemblance dans leurs manifestations."

The relations between Marinism and Gongorism must also be glanced at, because the conclusions of scholarship concerning them contribute to the justification of the view that Stanley's literary affinity, in spite of his deep interest in the literature of France and Spain, was especially Italian. The subject has been fully dealt with by M. Lucien Paul Thomas in two very interesting theses, "Le Lyrisme et la Préciosité

Cultistes en Espagne" (1909) and "Etude sur Gongora et le Gongorisme considérés dans leurs rapports avec le Marinisme" (1910) and his conclusions only will be stated here. He insists on the existence of a general current of taste and denies that Gongorism had its origin in Marinism - "C'est que les poètes, tout en appartenant à des nations différentes, suivaient avec leurs modalités propres un courant unique" - and the implication of the words is borne out by the saying of Charles V. "L'Italien convient pour parler aux dames et l'Espagnol pour parler à Dieu." In Italy Tasso and Guarini were the fore-runners of Marino; in Spain literary theory and practice rivalled those of Italy in extravagance, and the work of Herrera and Ledesma made it unnecessary for Gongora to look to Italy for inspiration, while Carrillo supplied a poetical theory which defended obscurity and was applicable to the later work of Gongora. The trend of Gongora's development was almost certainly affected by his mental illness, and the late phase which gave rise to the name was characterised by its erudition, its obscurity, and its deliberately distorted syntax. The fashion was at its height about 1620 and later was the subject of hot controversy before its decay. It is significant that Lope de Vega, at the time of his attacks on Gongora, wrote eulogistically of Marino, Stigliano, and Preti. The distinction seems obvious even to the reader whose



acquaintance with both languages is meagre, but is clearly demonstrated by M. Thomas in passages brief enough for inclusion here. He emphasises it in the description, "L'oeuvre de secentistes avec une saveur plus particulièrement conceptiste, celles des cultistes, avec un caractère plus savant et plus révolutionnaire," and further says "Ce que distingue surtout les cultistes des secentistes, c'est surtout la volonté plus consciente de créer une poésie érudite et cultivée la recherche systématique du mystère et de l'obscurité, la prétention plus marquée à la profondeur de la pensée et à la concentration lapidaire du style, l'application plus tardive et plus révolutionnaire des théories linguistiques des Latinisants, l'extravagance d'une syntax irrationnelle et incompatible avec le génie des parlers romans."

The more serious aspect of the fashion was absent from its Italian manifestations, and although Marino himself wrote sometimes in a moralising and even philosophic strain, Marinism as a whole is distinguished by triviality of inspiration and sentiment, and monotony of illustration. Apart from its attention to landscape and its stress on mythology, neither of which in any measure dominated it, it was but a gigantic network of tawdry paradox, woven round a completely heartless conception of love. It was inspired by an occasion and not



by a person; it celebrated beauty in a frankly impersonal manner; and it continually harped on the coldness, not altogether surprising, of ladies "made entirely of coral, gold thread, lilies, roses, and ivory, on whose lips sat Cupids shooting arrows which were snakes," and lavished its fancy on their jewellery, their gloves, their horses and their dogs. Dreams were a frequent theme, probably because of their paradoxical possibilities. Life and death, night and day, sun and stars, ice and fire, eyes and heart, all recur again and again, and many poems were suggested by the appearance of the lady at a ball, at church, on horseback, and so on. This type of poem was common before Marino wrote, and especially in Tasso and Guarini can be traced quite definitely the tendency of sentiment and illustration, though a poem such as Guarini's "Donna Pietosa" (Madrigali LXIII) has a freshness seldom found in the true Marinist and may be quoted as an example of the style before its degradation.

Udite, amanti, udite  
Meraviglia dolcissima d'Amore  
La mia vita, il mio core.  
Quella Donna già tanto sospirato,  
E tanto in van bramata,  
Quella fugace, e quella  
Che fu già tanto cruda quanto bella  
E' fatta amante, ed io  
Il suo cor, la sua vita, il suo desio.

The monotonous play on thoughts and words, both extremely

limited in range, was increased by the extraordinary productiveness of this school of poetry, which inspired the statement that "If in England the rage for conceits injured not a few excellent poets, in Italy it made the fortune of scores of poetasters " The phenomenon has been the subject of illuminating study by Croce,<sup>(1)</sup> who stresses the existence of the two elements "sensualismo" and "ingegnosità" and the gradual prevalence of the latter, which he aptly terms the "verme roditore", and he justly observes that since only that can speak to the heart which comes from the heart these "combinazioni ingegnosi" are foredoomed to failure. Even before close investigation the reading of Stanley and of Marino and others of his school results in the conviction that Stanley was a Marinist of Marinists whose inspiration came rather from the pages of his masters than from any experience of life, however trivial.

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But before proceeding to an analytical criticism of Stanley's original poems, it will be well to dispose of the translations included in the editions of 1647 and 1651, which, even more than those already considered, are important, since

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(1) "Sensualismo è Ingegnosità nella lirica del Seicento" - in "Saggi sulla Letteratura Italiana del Seicento." 1911.

he included them of set purpose and without any trace of apology. The selection is haphazard and represents a variety of sources. The translations have merit; they are generally graceful, the form is well chosen, and Stanley shows his taste and skill particularly in his frequent use of condensation. None of these poems, whose sources are only generally indicated remain untraced, and most of the sources will be found in an appendix, with the exception of those quoted hereafter for their value as illustrations of his art.

The poems of French origin are four in number, the longest and least interesting being a considerably shortened version of St. Amant's "La Jouissance" under the title "The Enjoyment." (1) "The Bracelet" assigned to Tristan, I find to be a fairly free version of "Le Bracelet" by Tristan l'Hermite, which is less attractive than the condensed version of the song by de Voiture beginning "Je me tais et me sens bruler," that has a charm often absent from Stanley's original lyrics and gains much of its grace and gallantry from the mastery of an entirely fitting metre. The last of these pieces of French origin is interesting, and the tracing of its source, adds to Stanley's reputation as a translator, "The Revenge" from Ronsard has been described by Professor Saintsbury with some qualms as a flat version of the famous sonnet beginning "Quand vous serez

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(1) Omitted on account of its length and unimportance.



bien vieille, au soir à la chandelle,"<sup>(1)</sup> but I have *discovered* that it actually is a translation of Ode XIII "A sa Maistresse" and by reason of its condensation is superior to its source. The theme of course is a common one; we have it in Horace, Odes IV - X and it is common in Italian one typical example being Guarini's "Donna che invecchia." Stanley says

Fair rebel to thyself and time  
 Who laugh'st at all my tears  
 When thou has lost thy youthful prime  
 And age his trophy rears

Weighing thy inconsiderate pride  
 Thou shalt in vain accuse it,  
 Why Beauty am I now denied  
 Or knew not then to use it?

Then shall I wish, ungentle Fair,  
 Thou in like flames may'st burn  
 Venus, if just, will hear my prayer  
 And I shall laugh my turn.

while Ronsard labours the point somewhat,

Jeune beauté, mais trop outrecuidée  
 Des presens de Venus  
 Quand tu verras ta peau toute ridée  
 Et tes cheveux chenus,  
 Contre le temps et contre toy rebelle  
 Diras en te tancant,  
 Que ne pensoy - je alors que j'estoy belle  
 Ce que je vay pensant?  
 Ou bien, pourquoy à mon desir pareille  
 Ne suis-je maintenant?  
 La beauté semble à la rose vermeille  
 Qui meurt incontinent.  
 Voila les vers tragique et la plainte  
 Qu' au ciel to envoyras,  
 In continent que ta face dépeinte

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(1) Minor Caroline Poets. III.p.142.



tu

Par le temps, voirras.  
 Tu sçais combien ardemment je t'adore  
 Indocile à pitié,  
 Et tu me fuis et tu ne veux encore  
 Te joindre à ta moitié.  
 O de Paphos et de Cypre regent,  
 Déesse aux noirs soucis!  
 Plutost encor que le temps, sois vengente  
 Mes desdaignes soucis  
 Et du brandon dont les coeurs tu enflames  
 Des jumens tout entouts,  
 Brusle-la moy, à la fin que de ses flames  
 Je me rie à mon tour.

There are three poems of Spanish derivation of which two have been traced to their sources by Mr. Thomas in his article on English translators of Gongora in the "Revue Hispanique"; one "The Self-Deceiver" is a version of Montalvan's "Mi engaño y mi desengaño" in "La Desgracia da Amistad", and the other "A Lady Weeping" is a reproduction of a verse passage from the novela "El Palacio Encantado", in the miscellany of prose and verse entitled "Para Todos." The third and most interesting as a translation is "The Dream", and in spite of the demand on space the poem and its source seem worthy of quotation here, as the comparison contributes to the estimation of Stanley's place as a translator. Stanley's three stanzas are as follows:-

To set my jealous soul at strife,  
 All things maliciously agree,  
 Though sleep of Death the image be,  
 Dreams are the portraiture of life.

I saw, when last I clos'd my eyes,  
 Celinda stoop t' another's will;  
 If specious apprehension kill,  
 What would the truth without disguise?

The joys which I should call mine own,  
Methought this rival did possess:  
Like dreams is all my happiness;  
Yet dreams themselves allow me none.

II have traced (the source of) this to a poem by Lope de Vega called "Belisarda" in "La Arcadia."

( O Burlas de amor ingrato  
( que todos sois de una suerte,  
( sueño, imagen de la muerte,  
( y de la vida retrato  
¿ Que importa que se develen  
los interiores sentidos,  
so los de afrena dormidos  
sufrir sus engaños suelen?  
( Yo vi sin ojos mi dueño  
( en agena voluntad:  
( ¿ qué pudiera la verdad  
( si puda matarme el sueño?  
Donde dormir presumí  
descansé para mi daño  
que el sueño de amor engaño  
me ha desengañado a mí.  
( Amorosas phantasias  
( suenan alegres historias:  
( yo sola en agenas glorias  
( contemplo desdichas mias.  
( Porque con ser mis contentos  
( sueño ligero y fingido  
( aun en sueños no he tenido  
( fingidos contentamientos.

The poem continues for nine more stanzas,<sup>(1)</sup> but the examination of the quotation and the use made of it by Stanley should strengthen the conviction that, if he exercised skill anywhere, it was in the shorter translations published with his original poems.

The translations from the Italian outnumber those from

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(1) see Appendix.

French and Spanish taken together. Guarini seems to be the favourite source, and Marino is not so much represented as might be expected, though the haphazard nature of the selection makes this no evidence that Stanley was influenced more by Guarini than Marino, and indeed there is so much common to both that any lover of this style of Italian poetry at that time would probably appreciate them almost equally, though fashion might cause him to reflect more obviously developments typical of Marino. From Guarini's "Madrigali" there are three translations, "one "The Sick Lover" translating Madrigal VI "Amante infermo" the second, "Claim to Love" being a version of Madrigal V. "Amore è più desio che bellezza", while "To his mistress who dreamed he was wounded" comes partly from Madrigal X "Sogna della sua Donna" but carries suggestions from the two following madrigals. From Tasso there is one piece, "To his mistress in Absence" derived from one of the "Rime del Amore" beginning "Lunge da gli occhi vostri" and the only translation from Petrarch, "On his Mistress's death" is to be found in "Rime in Morte di M. Laura" - Ballata VII. Canzone 43 "Gli è mitigato il dolore di sopravvivere a lei perchè ella lo conosce." The poem entitled "Time Recover'd" is, as Stanley indicated, from Casone. Its source is "Rubbar il Tempo al Tempo," by Girolamo Casone, whose "Rime" published

in 1598 are few in number, short, conventional in quality, and less extravagant than those of later poets, and not, as stated in *Minor Caroline Poets* (Vol.III. p.135) in the works of the better known Guido Casoni. Marino is referred to by Stanley oftener in excitations than in the poems, but "To a Blind Man in Love" is from one of the "Capricci" entitled "Ad un' orbo annogliato," while another "L'Amante Rufiano" is much condensed in "Commanded by his mistress to woo for her."

Before leaving these translations brief reference must be made to "The Modest Wish," the translation, in couplets, of Barclay's "Vota Modesta," to Stanley's French poem, "A une Dame qui chantoit," and his Latin "Eidemn," and to a curious composite poem "Appollo and Daphne" which he ascribes to "Garcilasso Marino" in connection with which Professor Saintsbury points out that Marino's Christian name was Giambattista.<sup>(1)</sup> I have found that the poem has actually two sources, one in Soneto XIII of Garcilaso de la Vega -earlier translated by Drummond of Hawthornden<sup>(2)</sup> - and the other in one of Marino's "Rime Boscherecce," "Trasformatione di Dafne in Lauro."

The general impression of Stanley's work as a translator to be gained even from the quotations made here is borne out

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(1) *Minor Caroline Poets*. Vol.III.p.128.

(2) *Poems* (Ed.L.G.Kastner) Vol.II.p.178.



by examination of the other poems and their sources. When dealing with the shorter poems, Stanley translates well. His workmanship is finished, and he reproduces faithfully in appropriate metre any trifle that he takes in hand, and in the cases where he has pruned his theme most carefully, he shows appreciation of form and a sense of proportion which render his translations better poetry than the sources from which they derive. Some of these translations such as the song from de Voiture, despite their admitted dependence on the work of another, have as great an appeal as some of his best original lyrics.

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Stanley's original poems are admirably suited to dissective criticism: in them are interwoven various strains which can be disentangled without disrespect to the heart of the poetry, such as confronts the critic of Crashaw, for example, whose debt to Italian is so marked but whose true poetic genius makes cold estimation of its extent a desecration and perhaps an impossibility. True poetry is always poetry, and its undying vitality, even when clearly related to the inspiration of another, makes it elusive of analysis, as the poetry which lacks true inspiration can never be. I think that Stanley's poetry can be fairly well separated into its elements without leaving a residue of indefinable colour or

emotion. He is a competent craftsman and welds his somewhat flimsy materials into perhaps as durable an edifice as their nature allows; his own temperament and tastes prevent his realising that he is sometimes substituting wood for stone. The native tradition is present, expressed chiefly in borrowing of theme and phrase from Donne and, even more, from Carew. Stanley has nothing of Donne's passionate sincerity nor of his subtle complexity of thought and arresting vividness of phrase, and it is difficult to believe that he found in his heart any thrill of response to the troubled passion and almost mystical tenderness of Donne's poetry: his echoes of Carew are similarly lacking in the essential and individual qualities of his source of inspiration, the light mocking grace with its suggestion of momentary sincerity, and nowhere is there anything comparable to the Jonsonian exquisiteness of "Ask me no more where love bestows  
When June is past, the fading rose,

or the perfect adaptation of metre to feeling in "To my Inconstant Mistress." While a study of Stanley's poems reveals no spiritual affinity with Donne, the enumeration of some points of external resemblance will prove that he would not have disowned some measure of allegiance to the school of the earlier poet, though the extent of his debt to Carew makes it probable that he reflected more especially aspects of this

school as they found utterance in the more typically Cavalier poetry of the courtly, less deeply moved Carew.

The general debt to Donne can be seen in "Love's Heretic," which need not owe direct inspiration to "The Indifferent," as the theme was common with the Carolines, and this poem of Stanley's compares well with the versions, both entitled "The Indifferent," of his friend, Alexander Brome. "The Bracelet" undoubtedly is descended, perhaps through Carew's "Upon a Ribband," from Donne's "Funeral," and Stanley's line "This mystic wreath which crowns my arm" closely echoes Donne's "That subtle wreath of hair about my arm." Stanley diverges in thought from Donne, and the reading of the three poems seems to give a fair impression of the nature of the diminishing of poetic inspiration and strength in its manifestation first in Carew, then in lesser degree in Stanley. And in "The Self-Cruel" occurs two lines suggestive of a debt to Donne, though the thought is common property. Stanley says

"Insult o'er captives with disdain  
Thou canst not triumph o'er the slain"

which recalls Donne's

"But thou will lose the style of conquerer  
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate."

It is clear that Donne's influence over Stanley was slight and superficial, but in any attempt to trace the decline of the

Caroline lyric before the Restoration it is profitable to trace the relation of Stanley and his poetical brothers to Donne and the distinctively Cavalier poets.

Stanley is nearer in spirit to Carew than to Donne, and he attempts and occasionally achieves something of the same elegance of form and chiselled smoothness of phrase. Several of his poems seem to have been suggested by pieces by Carew, whose poems were not long published when Stanley was writing. Stanley's "Counsel" contains the same general thought as Carew's "Good Counsel to a young Maid:" his "To Chariessa beholding herself in a Glass" has something reminiscent of Carew's much longer poem "To A.D. unreasonable, distrustful of her own beauty," and is a presentation of a theme common in Italian, in a way which may be compared with Petrarch, Sonetto XXXVII and contrasted with Preti's "La Donna allo Specchio:" "The Deposition," especially in the first stanza, reminds one of Carew's "Ingrateful Beauty Threatened": "The Repulse," especially in the last stanza, echoes "A Deposition from Love;" "La Belle Confidante" begins on the same note as "Disdain Returned"; "The Farewell" reproduces with some elaboration the theme of "Parting Celia Weeps," to which it is more allied in spirit than to any of Donne's deeply felt poems on parting: and "The Exchange".



resembles Carew's "Hymeneal Dialogue," but both may have an Italian origin. The comparison of the poems thus related does not produce any irrefutable evidence that Stanley borrowed from Carew. The themes they have dealt with are all commonplaces and occur in many poets of the day, but Stanley's poems often appear to have more than the elusive resemblance due to the treatment of a common theme, and I think it is probable that he was influenced more than unconsciously by Carew. It is notable, however, that though Stanley writes often in the strain of the Cavalier lyricist, his work is chaste to an unusual degree and in this at least is expressive of his own personality.

Stanley trifles with the court fickleness of Suckling, a strain common enough in the Italian, but which has not in his hands the crisp turn of phrase which gives a charm to the "light o' love" in

"Out upon it, I have loved  
Three whole days together."

His attempts in this kind have more in common with some of the poems of Alexander Brome, than those of Suckling, and his "Love Deposed" particularly recalls Brome's "Love's Anarchy." He has more than one meeting place with Cowley; "The Kiss" has the artificial abstraction from real grief which marks Cowley's "Friendship in Absence," and so in spirit has

diverged from that of Donne, from whose use of the Platonic doctrine they probably took their common source. There is a curious, though possibly fortuitous, resemblance between some lines of Cowley's, John Hall's "Call", and one of Stanley's most graceful poems "Expectation", which was set to a haunting air by John Gamble and is worth quoting as an illustration of the art to which he occasionally attained and is possibly more sincerely felt than any of his love lyrics.

"Chide, Chide no more away  
The fleeting daughters of the day  
Nor with impatient thoughts outrun  
The lazy sun  
Nor think the hours do move too slow  
Delay is kind  
And we too soon shall find  
That which we seek, yet fear to know.

"The mystic dark decrees  
Unfold not of the Destinies,  
Nor boldly seek to antedate  
The Laws of Fate;  
Thy anxious search awhile forbear,  
Suppress thy haste,  
And know that Time at last  
Will crown thy hope, or fix thy fear.

This is better poetry than Cowley's utterance of the same thought in his "Ode to the New Year."

"Into the future times why do we pry  
And seek to antedate our misery  
Like jealous men why are we longing still  
To see the thing which only seeing makes us ill?"

The use of the word "antedate" suggests the possibility of a relationship between the poems, but if there is and the suggestion came to Stanley from Cowley, it is not a case where

the result suffers from second-hand inspiration.

The English element in Stanley's work has the appearance of greater influence than it really stands for. Stanley formally owes much, chiefly in the way of suggestion of theme and of isolated phrasing, to Donne and Carew, but he has the spirit of neither, nor of any of Carew's truer fellows such as Suckling and Lovelace at his best and Montrose. All the courtliness of the Cavalier seems chilled in Stanley, and never does he achieve anything of the swell of feeling in the finest harmony with metre such as Montrose expresses with a gallant and vigorous sincerity that quite blinds to the conventionality of the theme in "I'll never love thee more," one of the isolated treasures among 17th century lyrics. Stanley was spiritually nearer the Italian poet who used a coldly conventional form of extravagant compliment when he wrote of love, or what for the moment he chose to call love; for it is fairly clear that he kept his poetry nicely distinct from his experience. This poetical affinity of Stanley with the Italians is so definitely more at the root of his poetry that it must be emphasised: and any study of 17th century lyric poetry convinces one that the Italian element in the earlier poets, from Donne onward, is stronger than one at first suspects, and tends to the conclusion that, to a certain

extent, for Stanley, the English tradition suggested further indulgence in extravagance of conceits and conventionality of illustration. In Stanley's work we find unrelieved Marinism, which has an increased flatness of effect through the remoteness of its inspiration, it is the "imitation of an imitation" of experience, and a light celebration of Chloris playing with a snowball, where there is a Chloris and a snowball, however uninteresting it may be, is almost certain to be worth more as poetry than a second celebration of the same remote beauty and her toy founded entirely on the study of the first. It is not surprising that in this way Stanley's poetry as a whole leaves a vague feeling of dissatisfaction which can be distinguished from the effects of his spasmodic collapses, such as occur, for example, at the end of "The Loss" and in "The Self-Cruel" in spite of his generally respectable level of metre and expression.

Before dealing at greater length with this aspect of Stanley's work by means of justified source-hunting it may be well to refer to some of his original poems to which the charge of Italian dependence applies very little or not at all. These consist of a number of complimentary addresses, in themselves as dull as most 17th century efforts in this direction, but interesting as indicating Stanley's literary



friendships. One is on Suckling's picture and poems; others are addressed to William Fairfax, William Hammond, Sir Edward Sherburne, Lady Dormer, John Hall, and James Shirley; and there is a eulogy of Fletcher's dramatic works written on the occasion of their publication in 1647. There are some good things in Stanley which deserve to live for themselves - "The Tomb," "The Relapse" that delightful and often-quoted song beginning

"O turn away those cruel eyes  
The stars of my undoing."

and that other "I will not trust thy tempting graces," with something of the body and substance of Carew. A lesser known example of Stanley at his best is "The Exequies,"

Draw near  
You Lovers that complain  
Of Fortune or Disdain,  
And to my ashes lend a tear;  
Melt the hard marble with your groans  
And soften the relentless stones,  
Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide,  
Of all Love's cruelties, and Beauty's pride!

No verse  
No epicidium bring  
Nor peaceful requiem sing  
To charm the terrors of my hearse;  
No profane numbers must flow near  
The sacred silence that dwells here.  
Vast griefs are dumb; softly, oh! softly mourn,  
Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew  
Upon my dismal grave  
Such offerings as you have,  
Forsaken cypress and sad yew;  
For kinder flowers can take no birth,  
Or growth, from such unhappy earth.  
Weep only o'er my dust and say, Here lies  
To Love and Fate an equal sacrifice.

While this has none of the poignant appeal to the heart which here and there transfigures lyrics artificially conceived in the Caroline fashion, it has real beauty in its plaintive cadences. There are two short poems in a different strain, hitherto unpublished and not intended for publication, that deserve quotation. They are roughly written in the fly-leaves of one of the notebooks. One consists of the following five lines:

12  
"Our sufferings with Thy grace far more we prize  
Than our own peace with our impieties:  
Sole Good and Wise, our hearts and counsels move  
That we may better by Thy mercy prove  
The worse things from Thy justice we endure.

and the other, in a clearly unfinished state,

1d  
"Who vengeance on my wrongs has shown  
And by my foes my foe o'er-thrown,  
Let not his fall invite  
My soul by close delight  
To make Thy just revenge my own.

"Thou hast reverted on his head  
The mischief he for others spread,  
Unwish'd, unask'd by me,  
That all the world might see  
Thou didst my cause in judgments plead.

"I will not, dare not, imprecate  
The like on all that bear me hate,  
Nor be their soul's dispencc,  
Pardon and penitence,  
Charged with no due affliction's weight.

"Of then, Thy justice not deprive  
Thy mercy: in my pardon live  
They whose demerit climbs  
Next those rebellious crimes  
Thou freely dost in me forgive."

Whether the second owed its existence to any experience in Stanley's life cannot be said, but the spirit of it is compatible with the opinion of his character expressed earlier.

Stanley, unlike Sir Edward Sherburne, had a literary conscience, and the source-hunting indulged in here arises from no destructive motive. I have found no example of sheer plagiarism, and the establishment of a connection between some of his professedly original lyrics and some Italian poems does not dishonour him, but rather goes to prove that his debt to the Italian was even greater than is apparent on the surface. Stanley had not the originality to create freely in the Italian spirit, as Crashaw did with unfortunate ease and Marvell too at times, and this explains the chill of his poetry, especially where he builds of his own material on an Italian foundation. "The Dream" is a poem that challenges comparison with many Italian and Spanish poems; the theme, of course is not new in English, but the treatment is that of a Marinist and may be compared with Stigliani's "Il Sogno."

"The Idolater" is in the Italian style, and the stanza,

¶ Since thou, Love's votary before  
(Whilst she was kind) dost him no more,  
But, in his shrine, Disdain adore.

seems more than vaguely suggested by Guarini's lines (Rime XXXIV)

¶ Tu fa che l'alma idolatria commetta  
E ch'è'n tempio d'Amor Sdegno s'adori.

Traces of the influence of Guarini can be seen in the second stanza of "Palinode," though the conceit is a common one and not necessarily suggested by Madrigal V., and in "Delay" there is a reflection of Madrigal XVIII, especially of the lines,

"Moro, ò non moro? homai non mi negate  
Mercede, ò feritate:  
Che'n sì dubbio, sa sorte  
Assai più fero è il non morir che morte.

and though the debt may not be direct, the importance of the comparison is that it contributes to an appreciation of the typically Italian character of Stanley's original poetry.

"To Chariessa beholding herself in a Glass" has a possible connection with Carew, but the theme is a common one in Italian. "The Snowball" seems to have been suggested by the following poem by G.F. Maia Materdona, a Marinist whose "Rime" were first published in 1629.

Giuoco di Neve.

Cilla di bianco umor massa gelata  
coglie e preme e ne forma un globo breve;  
n'arma poscia la mano, a fredda neve  
calda neve aggiungendo ed animata.

Al mio sen poi l'avventa, amante amata;  
ma se finto è il pagnar, se 'l danno è lieve,  
tragge pur da que' scherzi offesa greve  
l'alma, a prover gli antichi assalti usata.



Porta amico sfidar battaglia vera,  
nascere dal riso il lagrimar si mira,  
fa verace impiagar mentita arcera;  
mirasi il duol uscir di grenbo al gioco,  
da nuvoli d'amor saette d'ira  
e da strali di giel piaghe di foco.

Compare Stanley's treatment of the theme.

Doris, I that could repel  
All those darts about thee dwell,  
And had wisely learned to fear,  
'Cause I saw a foe so near;  
I that my deaf ear did arm  
'Gainst thy voice's powerful charm,  
And the lightning of thine eye  
Durst (by closing mine) defy,  
Cannot this cold snow withstand  
From the whiter of thy hand.  
Thy deceit hath thus done more  
Than thy open force before:  
For who could suspect or fear  
Treason in a face so clear;  
Or the hidden fires desery  
Wrapt in this cold outside lie?  
Flames might thus involv'd in ice  
The deceived world sacrifice;  
Nature ignorant of this  
Strange antiperistasis,  
Would her falling frame admire,  
That by snow were set on fire.

Another poem which seems to owe the same kind of debt is "The Silkworm," the subject of which is one not likely to inspire an English poet,<sup>(1)</sup> though conceivable for an Italian one, and actually dealt with in Tasso's "Come l'industre verme," and "Il Baco da Seta," written too late for Stanley's use by Giacomo Lubrano. Stanley probably took the suggestion for "The Glowworm" from Scipio Gaetano's sonnet, "Alla Luciola"

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<sup>ovine</sup>  
(1) cf. "The Flea."

which begins

Pargoletto animal cui diè natura  
luce, ch'a pena fra l'orror traluce  
ogni stella del ciel ch'a noi riluce  
agli occhi miei sembra di te men pura.

The importance of the subject does not call for more quotation but there seems to be justification for holding that the Italian influence permeates Stanley's poetry, and that it can be traced in conceits innumerable as well as in the larger way of suggestion discussed above. Stanley is in spirit a Marinist and an imitative one, the extent of whose originality it would be difficult to gauge.

The conclusion of the matter is that we must regard him more as a craftsman than an artist, and without injustice assume that while his interest today is as a poet, his value in a historical sense is, as it actually was, as a scholar. He lacked originality and fatally ignored the demand for sincerity and emotion inevitable to lyric poetry, and his taste was disappointingly meretricious; never did he "pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore," but he had the common Caroline gift of easy handling of metre, an aptitude for the neat and often happy phrase, a purity of tone uncommon at the time, and decided merits as a translator. He is historically interesting both in his relation to his predecessors and to the poets of kindred tastes in Italy,

France and Spain, and especially to Guarini, Marino, and the vast body of poets and poetasters known as Marinists. It is his relation to Marinism that reveals his best claim to study, and he is, by his personal position among the group of minor poets in England who were followers of the same fashion, the best centre of any attempt to deal with this somewhat obscure phase of 17th century poetry; and a study of Stanley would be incomplete without a brief survey of the more representative of the poets who, to a lesser extent, brought England into contact with the extravagance of fashion which infected France, Spain and Italy, and as a small school, belated and decadent, contributed indirectly to the ascendancy of commonsense and the couplet, which was but a step on the way to a return to Nature.

### III.

Stanley represents more completely than any of his contemporaries the English Marinist: he was the greatest scholar to be affected by Marinism, his poetry was sufficiently extensive and sufficiently devoid of originality to illustrate very clearly the growth of the Italian weed on English soil, and his personal influence, a good deal derived from his advantages of fortune, must have contributed to its spread in England, for it must be remembered that Marino died in 1625, the year of Stanley's birth, and not until we come to these later poets can Marinism be said to be entirely pervasive. The dominance of this errant taste explains much in the lyric of the middle of the 17th century, and, though all the poets who centred round Stanley do not echo so persistently the Marinist note, there is no ground for questioning that they stood for the same appreciation and the same deliberate preference of the decadence of metaphysical poetry, to the increasingly popular revolutionary couplet of the newer school. William Hammond, for example, expresses unbounded admiration of Stanley's poetry, but the small bulk of his own poetry, outside his numerous complimentary and occasional poems, makes it impossible to regard him as more than an adherent of the same poetical taste as his nephew; James Shirley, an older man,





shows the traces of this influence more frequently but does not in his lyrics use so completely Italian a method as Stanley; John Hall somehow escapes the cold eloquence of the Italians, though poems such as "Julia Weeping" and "An Eunuch" carry more than an echo of the Italian but all three stand convicted of unconscious conspiracy with the more vocal decadents whose extravagances eventually killed the metaphysical lyric. The poetry of Lovelace, whose fame is more enduring than that of any of them, when it was not the expression of his own experience, was often Italianate, though most likely not deliberately and directly imitative. Other poets less closely attached to Stanley were more or less allied to the belated metaphysicals. Alexander Brome, though in his element in his roystering Cavalier songs, has something of the spirit, and in the poetry of the later Charles Cotton there are traces, though not unmixed. Sir Richard Fanshawe expressed his deep interest in the modern literatures by his translation of "Il Pastor Fido" and Camoens' "Lusiad," which gives strong evidence of the English receptivity of foreign influence at this time. His residence in Spain, however, led him to concentrate more on Spanish and Portugese, than on Italian poetry. The interest in foreign literatures is thus manifest in the nature and extent of translation, in its reflection in original poetry, and in the appreciation with

which both translation and original poetry were welcomed, and this interest was widespread. The range of poets whose work will provide illustration of the taste is great. An example taken quite at random from Henry King, Dean Balcanqual's successor in the Deanery of Rochester, - whose poems apparently were much handed about in manuscript before the first edition of 1657 - if compared with the Italian commonplaces, may help to bring out the extent to which pieces quite typically Caroline may be also in their roots quite typically Italian.

Sonnet.

Were thy heart soft as thou art fair  
Thou wert a wonder past compare  
But frozen Love and fierce disdain  
By their extremes thy graces stain.  
Cold coyness quenches the still fires  
Which glow in lovers' warm desires,  
And scorn, like the quick lightning's blaze  
Darts death against affliction's gaze.  
O Heavens, what prodigy is this  
When Love ~~in~~ Beauty buried is!  
Or that dead pity thus should be  
Tomb'd in a living cruelty.

Another example comes from the pen of Henry Bold, a coarser and rather obscure lyricist whose poems were printed in 1660, and frequently suggest comparison with Stanley.

Know, (dearest beauty) those your eyes,  
Whose beams, you so like lightning, dart,  
Have found a passage to my heart,  
Which flaming at Love's altar lies  
And (if not quench'd with pity) dies.

I burn, yet you (hard heart!) restrain  
The remedy, should cool my heart:  
O do not, thus, my passion cheat!  
Starve with a frown, or heal my pain  
Or grant me love or fierce disdain!

Torment not thus insultingly,  
A martyr'd, and a kneeling soul!  
Whose fault you may with love control:  
Through your preserving murdering eye,  
(Although it let me live) I die.

Yet see, Love's deeper mystery!  
For though these beams do scorch my heart  
I glory in the pleasing smart,  
And in the flames of your bright eye,  
Dying, to live, I'd living die.

And there are indications of the preoccupation with Italian in the fairly frequent occurrence of Italian titles even in the work of poets not professedly Italianate, as for example, Thomas Flatman's "Il Infido" and "Il Immaturo" and Nathaniel Whiting's "Le hore di recreatione" or "The Pleasant Historie of Albino and Bellama."

The poetry of those two friends of Stanley, staunch Royalists who have enjoyed greater reputation than he has, Richard Lovelace and James Shirley, is not purely and merely Marinist, but before dealing with Sir Edward Sherburne and Philip Ayres whose work is nearest in quality and spirit to that of Stanley, it may be profitable to glance at the evidence of a more general trend of Italian influence in them; for such examination illustrates how Italian influence was to be found

not only in minor poets who were at heart more or less conscious translators, but in others who wrote with greater freedom and variety and were possibly rather less aware of the sources of their inspiration and their narrow range of illustrative material.

The fame of Lovelace depends almost entirely on one or two poems inspired by feeling and romantic circumstance, which by sincerity of sentiment and simplicity of expression appeal as strongly as any Cavalier lyrics ever written. The poetry of "Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind" and "When love with unconfined wings Hovers within my gates" is unalloyed, and charged with the passionate loyalty of the Cavalier idealist whose attitude to his King was actually romantic as his devotion to his mistress, and in poems like these we feel the beauty too of the attitude to love on which the frigid gallantry of the Marinist vainly, because insincerely sought to build its poetical expression, an expression that by contrast appears as much a shameless insult as an artistic folly. But Lovelace, though a true poet singing from his heart when emotion came into harsh contact with the clangour of war and the pain of parting, was also one of those facile Caroline Lyrists who wrote occasional verses, dabbled in translation and indulged in love lyrics in the mode of the day; and, though he does not



appear to be a literal translator from the Italian, there are scattered throughout his works poems in which the Italian strain is more or less dominant. His "Ellinda's Glove" "thou snowy fann with thy five tenements", is as extravagantly conceited as anything in Marino, as is his song "Lucasta Weeping"; his Dialogues are typically Italian in form and in sentiment, and the study of his poetry reveals frequent Italian influence in choice of theme, in form, and in imagery. Where is there anything more characteristic of the conceited antithetical style which supplanted the profundities of the earlier metaphysical poetry than "Lucasta's World?"

Cold as the breath of winds that blow  
To silver shot descending snow,  
Lucasta sigh'd; when she did close  
The world in frosty chains!  
And then a frown to rubies froze  
The blood boil'd in our veins:  
Yet cooled not the heat her sphere  
Of beauties first had kindled there.

Then mov'd, and with a sudden flame  
Impatient to melt all again,  
Straight from her eyes she lightning hurl'd  
And earth in ashes mourns;  
The sun his blaze denies the world,  
And in her lustre burns:  
Yet warn'd not the hearts, her nice  
Disdain had first congeal'd to ice.

And now her tears nor griev'd desire  
Can quench this raging, pleasing fire;  
Fate but one way allows; behold  
Her smiles' divinity!  
They fann'd this heat and thaw'd that cold  
So fram'd up a new sky.  
Thus earth, from flames and ice repriev'd  
E'er since hath in her sunshine liv'd.

Where is there anything more in the unadulterated style of  
Marino than

Divine destroyer, pity me no more  
Or else more pity me,

or

In mine own monument I lie,  
And in myself am buried ?

But examples are numerous. "An Answer to Sir Thomas Wortley's Sonnet" is strikingly in this manner, and the titles of poems such as "The Fair Beggar," "Her Muff," "A Black Patch on Lucasta's Face," "Lucasta at the Bath," and many more are reminiscent of the earlier Italian fashion in its concentration on the external circumstances of intercourse between the poet and his mistress. The influence of Lovelace is, I think, general: he can write from the heart, and, when he is unmoved, he seems to be merely playing with his talent in the easy and fashionable mode of the day, rather than exercising it with the careful preparation of a Ned Softly, as one rather suspects to have been the case with Stanley and especially with Sherburne: and a poem such as "Gratiana Dancing and Singing," cold and conceited though it is, has a vague savour of individuality seldom achieved by the detached pen of the more conscientious scholars.

James Shirley belonged to the previous generation and was

born in 1596. It would be interesting to know when he became an intimate friend of Stanley: it seems probable that after serving with the King's army he retired to London and was indebted to Stanley's generosity somewhere about 1646, the year which scattered so many cavaliers abroad after the surrender of Oxford, and as his poems were published in 1646, there would be some satisfaction in knowing that his friendship with Stanley dated back far enough to allow of the Italian strain in them being attributable to some extent to the influence of the younger man, whose reputation for scholarship, along with his advantages of fortune so readily shared with the less fortunate, make it not unlikely that his tastes should react on his protégés, however much his senior in years. There is evidence in his poems that he had some acquaintance with the Hammond family while Stanley was still a child, for in 1634 he wrote a poem "To the Painter preparing to draw Mistress M.H." which is said to refer to Mary Hammond, the sister of Sir William Hammond, and it is likely that the friendship between Stanley and Shirley, like so many of Stanley's friendships, grew out of established family associations. But it seems not improbable that where Shirley is particularly Italian in his poetic method he was uttering a creed that he realised to be dominating more strongly some of his literary friends, of whom Stanley, the most clearly influenced, was undoubtedly intimate

with him at this period.

Shirley's numerous plays have kept his fame alive, but his poems have attracted little attention, except for the often-quoted lines from "Ajax and Ulysses,"

The Glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things

with its poetically transfigured truth in the concluding lines,

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

and the song, also attributed to Carew, "Would you know what's soft?" There are many occasional poems, epitaphs, complimentary addresses, and the like, but in many poems Italian influence can be seen as clearly as it has been shown to be present in similar poems by Lovelace, though similarly not always to the exclusion of all originality or English colouring. "To his unkind Mistress" illustrates well this English veneer on an Italian foundation, while "Taking leave when his mistress was to ride," "To a Lady upon a Looking Glass sent", and especially "Upon his mistress dancing", suggest quite uncompromisingly an Italian derivation, probably indirect. The last-mentioned poem in the epigrammatic point and preciseness with which it deals with the effete commonplace of the marble heart is a good illustration.



I stood and saw my mistress dance,  
Silent, and with so fix'd an eye,  
Some might suppose me in a trance,  
    But being asked why,  
By one that knew I was in love,  
    I could not but impart  
My wonder, to behold her move  
    So nimbly with a marble heart.

Another poem in the same style is "To his Mistress."

I would the God of Love would die,  
And give his bow and shafts to me,  
    I ask no other legacy;  
This happy fate I then would prove  
That, since my heart I cannot move,  
    I'd cure, and kill my own with love.

Yet why should I so cruel be,  
To kill myself with loving thee,  
    And thou a tyrant still to me?  
Perhaps, couldst thou affection show  
To me, I should not love thee so,  
    And that would be my medicine too.

Then choose to love me or deny,  
I will not be so fond to die,  
    A martyr to thy cruelty:  
If thou be'st weary of me, when  
Thou art so wise to love again,  
    Command, and I'll forsake thee then.

That Shirley wrote deliberately in this artificial mode of *the* day is clear; but he also wrote the following lines which seem to indicate that, because like Lovelace he had some true poetical faculty and perhaps a sense of humour, which may impel more than half-way towards a perception of truth, he saw something of the crazy inanity of the prevailing fashion.

But suppose one of them or all their art,  
Should paint this darling of thy heart  
A net, a rock, a shrine of snow,  
A Church, a garden, and a bow,  
Is't not a pretty face compounded so?

Or if a pencil, and their hand, should make  
A flame of lightning, who will take  
This for a tongue? or if men see  
A throne, doves billing two or three,  
Who will commend this for a neck but thee?

Collect thy scattered sense, poor man, be wise;  
Love, but first give thy reason eyes;  
Thy fancy bears all like a flood;  
Reduce them to their flesh and blood,  
And women then are hardly understood.

But however that may be, Shirley exhibits the Italian influence strongly, if spasmodically and seldom with Stanley's unrelieved imitateness.

But the traits so distinctly marked in the work of Stanley are reproduced most of all in the poetry of Sir Edward Sherburne, another scholarly poet, and in the much later work of Philip Ayres, and a fuller account of these men and their work will be given, in order to emphasise the existence of direct dependence on the Italian at a time when England generally was tending to be receptive of a quite contrary trend of French influence.

The life of Sir Edward Sherburne has much in common with that of Stanley, and a very close friendship bound them together for many years. Edward Sherburne, born in 1618, was

the son of Sir Edward Sherburne, one of the Stonyhurst Sherburnes, and Frances Stanley of Roydon Hall in Essex, who appears to have been distantly related to the Stanleys of Cumberlow. The Sherburnes were Roman Catholics and Royalists. Edward the younger was educated at Thomas Farnaby's school and then at home by Charles Alleyn, the author of a "Historie of Henry the Seventh," and later travelled in France until he was recalled to England in 1641 by the illness of his father on whose death he succeeded to the office of Clerk of the Ordnance, of which he was soon deprived on the outbreak of the Civil War. Unlike Stanley, he took an active part in the fighting, and was long with the King at Oxford - where he was given the degree of M.A. in 1642, - fought at the Battle of Edgehill, and, on the surrender of Oxford in 1646, took refuge with a relative named Thomas Povey in the Middle Temple. Here he seems to have led a perturbed life. His estate and library, which Antony a Wood described as "great and choice, and accounted one of the most considerable belonging to any gent. in or near London", were forfeited, and he appears to have owed much to the kindness of Thomas Stanley, then lurking in the same haven for distressed Cavaliers. Community of tastes, more than kinship, must have drawn the studious recluses together, for Sherburne, though less distinguished and less prolific in his scholarship than Stanley, was a respectable



scholar and in 1648 published a translation of Seneca's "Medea" and his "Answer to Lucilius his Quaere: Why Good Men suffer misfortunes seeing there is a Divine Providence", which He dedicated to Charles I. He was interested in astronomy and translated the "Sphere" of Manilius and compiled a "Catalogue of Astronomers Ancient and Modern", and also translated the "Troades" of Seneca, and in 1651 published his poems and translations.

This retirement was followed by extensive European travel when he was tutor to Sir John Coventry between 1654 and 1659, and thereafter he lived in England. His post at the Ordnance was after some delay restored to him, and he filled it with diligent competence until the revolution of 1688, when he retired through inability to take the new oaths. He was knighted in 1682 and in the following year published the "Rules, Orders and Instructions" given to the Office of Ordnance, which were in force practically unaltered until the disappearance of the office. He lived to an old age of straitened circumstances which <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ not relieved by the pension for which he petitioned, and he died in 1702 and was buried in the Chapel of the Tower of London.

His background, like Stanley's, was conducive to scholarship, and their tastes were very similar. Both were



zealous for the classics and appreciative of the modern literatures of France, Italy and Spain: and study was their chosen refuge from the incessant turmoil of a disheartening age. Some examination of Sherburne's poems published in 1651 under the title "Salmacis, Lyrian and Sylvia, Forsaken Lydia, the Rape of Helen, a Comment thereon, with several other Poems and Translations," and reissued in Chalmers' "Poets" in 1810, and in an edition with a memoir by Samuel Fleming in 1819, reveals very plainly the affinity of taste and method existing between the two friends, while, though by no means exhaustively undertaken, it also discloses a <sup>degree of</sup> culpable plagiarism in Sherburne of which Stanley is entirely innocent.

Sherburne's work falls into divisions in much the same way as that of Stanley, the first consisting of avowed translation from classical sources and including the "Rape of Helen" from the Greek of Coluthus, accompanied in the Stanley fashion by excitations, and a group of translations chiefly from Horace, Martial, and Theocritus, and the second consisting of three translations from the modern languages, one French, a version of St. Amant's "Metamorphosis of Lyrian and Sylvia", and two Italian, Preti's "Salmacis" and Marino's "Forsaken Lydia." The next group comprises four poems, indicated as of Italian origin only by their Italian titles, the two longer ones being "I Sospiri" and "Cristo Smarrito,"

both, I find, taken from Marino's poems of the same names, and two shorter ones, "Nova Inamramento" and "Amore Secreto", the latter a condensation from Marino.

The third group is somewhat arbitrarily classified here. It contains poems which are not only borrowings but often very literal translations from Italian sources, and it is probable that the group might be greatly extended if anyone found it sufficiently interesting or profitable to indulge in further source-hunting. These translations are not too bad, and some attain a respectable level of polished smoothness, but they are necessarily conventional and lifeless and have not the frequent neatness and occasional happiness of phrase of Stanley's work. It is sufficient here to name the poems and the sources with which I have identified them and to quote one of his best efforts, the little poem which appears in Professor Grierson's recent anthology of metaphysical poetry. Sherburne gives it the title "And she washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head."

The proud Egyptian queen, her Roman quest,  
(T' express her love in height of state and pleasure)  
With pearl dissolved in gold did feast  
Both food and treasure.

And now (dear Lord!) thy lover, on the fair  
And silver tables of thy feet, behold!  
Pearl in the tears, and in her hair  
Offers thee gold.

Here there is a conceit so manipulated as to do him credit as a creative Marinist, but it is taken from the seventh of the madrigals grouped by Marino under the title of "La Maddalena ai Piedi di Cristo,"

In convito pomposo  
offerse Cleopatra al fido amante  
di perle in vassel d'oro  
cibo insieme e tesoro  
ed or la tua fedel, caro amoroso,  
in questa ricca mensa, a le tue piante  
mira, deh, mira come  
offre in lagrime perle ed oro in chiome.

Other poems taken from Marino are "The Pendants" a version of a madrigal entitled "Pendenti in forma d'aspidi", and "Conscience" a very literal translation of "Alla propria Coscienza." Two poems have been traced to Guarini, the two dialogues "Celia's Eyes" and "Celia Weeping" reproducing "Camilla Bella" and "Sopra il Pianto di Donna crudele", respectively: and one to Preti, "A Shepherd inviting his nymph to his Cottage" being a version of the poem, also translated by Philip Ayres, "Un Pastore invita la sua Ninfa alla Montagna." The obscurity of the source of the last to be included in this group indicates the possibility of others being traced to the remoter haunts of Marinism; the moralising "The Fountain" is taken from "La Fontana" by Maffeo Barberino, afterwards Pope Urban VIII.

Many of the remaining poems strongly suggest an Italian



source. "On the Innocents slain by Herod" recalls very vividly the tone and imagery of the Italian conceits addressed "Ai Santi Innocenti" I should stake a good deal on the existence of an Italian source of "The Sweetmeat," which may be quoted as typical of the poems referred to here,

Thou gav'st me late to eat  
A sweet without, but within, bitter meat:  
As if thou wouldst have said, "Here taste in this  
What Celia is."

But if there ought to be  
A likeness (dearest!) 'twixt thy gift and thee,  
Why first what's sweet in thee should I not taste,  
The bitter last?

"Ice and Fire", "Chloris's Eyes and Breasts", and "Violets in Thaumantia's Bosom" seem to be stamped with that neat precision and exact antithesis which in a more original poet, even in John Hall, would have been enlivened by a dash of carelessness indefinably English. "The Microcosm" and "A Maid in love with a Youth Blind of an Eye" suggest by their names, before one considers their treatment, that they too are translations represented by Sherburne as original.

Such a survey makes it clear that Sherburne can be justly accused of plagiarism, and the fact that his poems are not numerous only increases the extent of his guilt, but moral considerations are of little account in the estimation of his



place as a poet. He is minor, much more so than Stanley, and his poetical skill is quite undistinguished. His poetry is, except occasionally in his religious poems, entirely cold, virtuosity of a kind more wearisome than that of his fellow scholar; but his importance lies in his value as a further illustration of the dalliance of men of literary tastes and some poetic skill with practically the worst phase of Continental literature at their disposal, and especially of the marked resemblance in spirit between these Englishmen and the Italian followers of the fashion.

The other poet to be considered is Philip Ayres, one of a later generation who exhibits abundantly tastes and activities greatly resembling those of Stanley. He was born in 1638 at Cottingham in Northamptonshire, but of his family nothing is known. He was educated at Westminster School and may have been there with Dryden, seven years his senior, to whom in friendship he later addressed a poem. It is said that he was at St. John's College, Oxford, but this is not referred to in the epitaph on the wall of Amersham Church in Buckinghamshire,<sup>(1)</sup> which, after referring to his learning in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, summarises all that is known of his later career in the words "Publica deinde quaedam

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(1) Lipscomb - History of Buckinghamshire, Vol.III. p.172.

officia multa cum fide et laude sustinuit majoraque forsā  
obtinere potuit sed opus splendore fortiter contemnens et  
literas politiores amans privatus in otio delitescere maluit." The nature of the public offices which he held are unknown, but he spent his later years as tutor in the family of Montague Drake, by whose son this monument was erected. He died suddenly at the ripe age of seventy-four, still in the household of the Drakes, and of the record of a long and uneventful career no more can be told.

But there is a link with Stanley which may or may not point to the existence of a friendship or acquaintance with the possibility of influence on the work of Ayres, who was so lamentably out of date when he published his numerous poems, mostly translations or nearly so, especially from the Italian, in 1837, nine years after Stanley's death and forty after the first edition of his poems. The link is to be found in the connection between the Enyons and the Drakes. Catherine Enyon, who married Sir John Garrard of Lamer, in Hertfordshire, can be conjectured to have seen a good deal of her elder sister Dorothy, settled not far away at Cumberlow, and it is possible that her daughter Jane, an only child, may have come into contact frequently with the Stanley household. Whether such a relationship in any way accounts for the

appearance of Philip Ayres as tutor to the family of Jane Garrard and her husband Montague Drake is a question impossible of solution in the present state of ignorance about Ayres' life as a young man, and the fact that Ayres was middle-aged before Montague Garrard Drake, the eldest of the three children, was old enough to need a tutor and Stanley then was some years dead perhaps tends to lessen the possibility, but it is , however improbable, not impossible that Stanley had some acquaintance with Ayres when as a young man he was very likely occupying himself with the translation of poetry so entirely of the kind that had appealed to Stanley in his own young days.

Philip Ayres devoted much of the leisure for which he chose the tutor's life to writing. He was a pamphleteer and translator, and his longer translations were mainly from French and Spanish, but his interest now lies in his "Emblemata Amatoria" (1685) in English, Latin, French, and Italian, which have been discussed at length by Mr. Henry Thomas, and his "Lyric Poems made in Imitation of the Italians" (1687.) The latter volume supplies numerous parallels with Stanley, and Ayres openly says in his preface that he has not acknowledged many of his sources in the words "Nor can I deny, but that I have purposely omitted the names of some of the authors, not acknowledging them to be translations; either because I was

not willing my own things should be distinguished from the rest; or indeed because most of these nameless pieces may be more properly said to be mine, than the Author's from whom I only took hints of them." - which distinguishes his attitude from that of Stanley, and especially <sup>from that</sup> of Sherburne, and rouses the expectation of something less of elegant accuracy than these exhibit. Ayres was intensely interested in Italian poetry, and by no means neglected Spanish, but he makes a statement with regard to French which shows that the rather lukewarm interest of Stanley and Sherburne in French préciosité had died out entirely in Ayres, undoubtedly their successor in the direct line, and is slight, because late and conjectural, evidence - if it can be called evidence - in support of the view already demonstrated that Stanley and his set were far more vitally interested in the literature of Italy, and in a lesser degree, of Spain than <sup>in that</sup> of France. Ayres says, "But for the French I could scarce find anything amongst them of this sort worth my pains of translating."

Like Stanley, he translates openly from Anacren<sup>o</sup>, Bion<sup>n</sup>, and Moschus, and he gives other classical pieces of less reputable origin; he translates extensively from Petrarch and gives short poems whose acknowledged sources are in Preti, Tasso, Claudio Achillini and lesser poets; and he indicates



that some pieces are of Spanish origin and even writes a sonnet in Spanish. But it is the numerous sonnets and songs suggestive of Italian sources that are most interesting, and their real interest is as much in the note of freedom which Ayres manages to introduce as for the purpose in hand it lies in their existence in such quantity. No one feels that source-hunting here is necessary in the interests of literature or of Ayres, but it is a tribute to Ayres as a translator and a poet, minor though he is, to compare his "On a Fair Beggar" with its source which I have found in Claudio Achillini's "La Mendicante" and his "Cynthia on Horseback" with Preti's "La Donna a Cavallo"<sup>(1)</sup> The quotation of the first poem and its source confirms the impression given by Ayres' preface, and it is seen that by a kind of firmness of handling Ayres can achieve a fleeting suggestion of personality, a warmer colour than exists in the original. Achillini says,

Sciolta il crin, rotta i panni e nuda il piede,  
 donna, cui fe' lo ciel povera e bella  
 con fioca voce e languida favella  
 mendicava per Dio poca mercede.

Fa di mill' alme, intanto, avere prede  
 al fulminar de l'una e l'altra stella;  
 e di quel biondo crin l'aurea procella  
 a la sua povertà togliea la fede.

- A che fa - lo diss'io - sì vil richiesta  
 la bocca tua d'oriental lavoro,  
 ov'Amor sul rubin la perla inesta?  
 Chè se vaga sei tu d'altro tesoro,  
 China la ricca e preziosa testa,  
 chè pioveran le chiome i nemi d'oro. -

---

(1) See Appendix.

Ayres' version is

Barefoot and ragged, with neglected hair,  
She whom the Heavens at once made poor and fair,  
With humble voice and moving words did stay,  
To beg an alms of all who pass'd that way.

But thousands viewing her became her prize,  
Willingly yielding to her conquering eyes,  
And caught by her bright hairs, whilst careless she  
Makes them pay homage to her poverty.

So mean a boon, said I, what can extort  
From that fair mouth, where wanton Love to sport  
Amidst the pearls and rubies we behold?  
Nature on thee has all her treasures spread,  
Do but incline thy rich and precious head,  
And those fair locks shall pour down locks of gold.

and he seems to me to outdo his master. This is not altogether typical either of Ayres or his choice of theme, and a glance at his collection of poems will show that he revels in the antithetical commonplaces of the Marinist and is much less of an artist than Stanley.

The study of Stanley and the reference to other poets of more or less the same standing and quite the same tacit poetic theory has resulted in the disentanglement to an appreciable degree of some of the undergrowth of a period of varied historical interest; it has shed light on the source of the real decadence of the Caroline lyric in the prevalence of an Alexandrian taste which found its strongest reinforcement in the Italian wilderness of Marino and his fellows, and has

given some impression of the extent of this influence and its un-English aloofness from native genius and traditions; and it has a certain suggestive value for the study of the greater lyrists in that it inevitably evokes a question as to the amount of the Italian influence in the poetry of Donne, and more especially, because of their lesser individuality, in the lyrics of Carew, Suckling and their contemporaries. And while the study of these minor poets is peculiarly interesting in regard to the lyric, it is no less valuable for the evidence it gives of the tendency in the middle of the 17th century for one aspect of English taste to reach out into fresh contact with the literary aspect and practice not so much of France, as of Italy, and in a lesser degree of Spain and there to seize on the vagaries of a pernicious and already declining fashion, fortunately too late in time to work havoc on the poetry of England in any way comparable to the disastrous results of its sway on the Continent.



APPENDIX A.Will of Thomas Stanley.

In the name of God Amen.

The 30th day of March in the year ... 1678 and in the 30th yeare of the Raigne of our Sovereigne Lord the King ... I Thomas Stanley of Cumberlow in the County of Hertford Esquire although sicke in body yet of good perfect and sound memory (Praised be Almighty God therefore) doe make and ordaine this my last will and Testament in manner and forme following (that is to say) First I commend my selfe to the mercy and protection of Almighty God being fully perswaded by his holy spirit through the death and passion of Jesus Christ to obtain full pardon and remission of all my sinnes and to inheritt everlasting life To which the Holy Trinity our Eternall Deity be all honour and glory for ever Amen. My wretched Body in hope of a Joyfull resurrection I comitt to the Earth To be buried with such charges and in such place as my deare wife Dorothy Stanley shall think good. And as touching the distribution of my Temporall goods I dispose of the same as followeth. First I will that all such debts as I owe shall be truly paid Item I will give and devise vnto my said wife Dorothy Stanley and my sonne Thomas Stanley my mansion house called or known by the name of Cumberlow Greene in the county of Hertford



with all the lands and tenements whatsoever belonging And  
allsoe other lands and tenements whatsoever belonging or in  
any wise apperteyning vnto me lying and being in the said  
County of Hertford To be sold with all convenient speed and  
the money thereby rayseed upon the sale thereof To pay and  
discharge the severall mortgages therevpon due And which shall  
grow due, att the time of my decease And when the said mort-  
gages are fully satisfied and paid Then I give and bequeath  
vnto my said Wife (out of the surplusage which shall remain  
of the premises to be sold as aforesaid) The sūme of Three  
hundred and Nyne pounds to pay and discharge the mortgage Due  
to Doctor Price vpon the Lease of the Parsonage of Flower in  
the County of Northampton which I hold of the Deane and  
Chapter of Christ Church in Oxford Item my will is that what  
remaines after Discharging the aforesaid severall mortgages be  
disposed of as followeth I give and bequeath to my two younger  
sonnes George and Charles Two hundred and fifty pounds a peice  
which is to remaine in the hands and Custody of my said wife  
untill they shall respectively attaine vnto the age of one and  
twenty years to imploy the same as she shall think good for  
their profitt and comoditie And if either of the said George  
or Charles my children as aforesaid shall happen to dye during  
his minority his part and portion of him soe dyeing under the  
age aforesaid shall belong and appertain vnto the survivor of

them Item I will and bequeath vnto my sonne Thomas my daughter Joan and daughter Mary the remaining part of the money raised vpon the sale of my said Estate in Hertfordshire to be equally divided amongst them Item I make and ordaine my saide deare Wife Dorothy Stanley to be my full whole and only Executrix of this my last will and testament to whom I give and bequeath all my goods chattels creditts and personal Estate whatsoever And I doe utterly revoake all former wills and testaments by me in any wise heretofore made or declared I witnes whereof I the said Thomas Stanley have subscribed to this my last will and testament contayned in this side of one sheet of paper with my owne hand and seale GIVEN the day and yeare first above written. Tho: Stanley. Sealed declared and delivered up by the said Thomas Stanley in the presence of the witnesses whose names are subscribed. Will: Ford. Jenkin Fluellen. Alice Oliver her marke."

(Probate granted 6 May 1678 to Dorothy Stanley  
relict and executrix.)

APPENDIX B.Stanley's Sources.French

The longish and uninteresting "Enjoyment", the translation of St. Amant's still longer "La Jouissance" is omitted here.

(1) Song

"I languish in a silent flame;  
 For she, to whom my vows incline,  
 Doth own perfections so divine,  
 That but to speak were to disclose her name  
 If I should say that she the store  
 Of Nature's graces doth comprise,  
 The love and wonder of all eyes,  
 Who will not guess the beauty I adore?"

Or though I warily conceal  
 The charms her looks and soul possess;  
 Should I her cruelty express,  
 And say she smiles at all the pains we feel;

Among such suppliants as implore  
 Pity, distributing her hate,  
 Inexorable as their fate,  
 Who will not guess the beauty I adore?"

This is a translation of the first and fourth stanzas of the poem to be found in de Voiture - Oeuvres (Roux)

StanzasDe Voiture

Je me tais et me sens brûler  
 Car l'objet qu'adore mon âme  
 Est si parfait, que je n'en puis parler,  
 Sans faire voir à tous le sujet de ma flamme  
 Si je dis, que dans l'univers  
 Celle pour qui je meurs, n'eut jamais de pareille  
 Qu'elle est de tous les yeux l'amour et la merveille  
 Qui ne devinera la beauté que je sers?

Si je dis que dans ses beaux yeux  
 Cet archer qui m'y fait la guerre,  
 Forge des traits qu'il garde pour les Dieux,  
 Mesprisant désormais tous les coeurs de la terre;  
 Et que dans le font des Hyvers,  
 Quand la rigueur du froid efface toutes choses,  
 Souvenit paroist tousjours de lys et de roses:  
 Qui ne devinera la beauté que je sers?

Qui si je parle dignement  
 De son esprit incomparable,  
 Dont la grandeur partage esgalement  
 Avec que sa beauté le titre d'adorable:  
 Si je puis dépendre en mes vers  
 Combien son âme est grande, et genereuse, et belle:  
 De tant de qualitez qu'on ne trouve qu'en elle,  
 Qui ne devinera la beauté que je sers?

Mais, sans parler de sa beauté  
 De son esprit, ny de ses charmes;  
 Si je descriis comme sa cruauté  
 Mesprise désormais les soupirs et les larmes;  
 Et que ceux qui sont dans ses fers  
 N'ent receurant jamais un regard favorable,  
 Qu le Ciel n'en voit point de plus inexorable;  
 Qui ne devinera la beauté que je sers?"



(2)

The Bracelet.

Now Love be praised! that cruel fair,  
 Who my poor heart restrains  
 Under so many chains,  
 Hath weav'd a new one for it of her hair.

These threads of amber us'd to play  
 With every courtly wind;  
 And never were confin'd;  
 But in a thousand curls allow'd to stray.

Cruel each part of her is grown;  
 Nor less unkind than she  
 These fetters are to me,  
 Which to restrain my freedom, lose their own.

Tristan l'Hermite.Le Bracelet.

Amour en soit béni, le sujet de mes vœux,  
 Cette jeune Beauté qui captive mon âme,  
 De cent chaînes de flamme,  
 La veut lier encore avecque ses cheveux.

Cette chère faveur que je n'osois prétendre  
 Rendra de mon destin les Dieux même jaloux;  
 Voyant qu'un feu si doux  
 Se trouve accompagné d'une si belle cendre.

Agréables chaînons, beau fils d'ambre flottant,  
 Vous ne faisiez qu'errer autour de son visage;  
 Etiez-vous si volage  
 Pour venir aujourd'hui me rendre si constant?

O cieux! ma servitude est tellement plaisante,  
 Que comparant les fers, ou je suis arrêté  
 A quelque royauté  
 J'estime une couronne importune et pesante.

Spanish

(1) The remaining stanzas of Lope de Vega's poem are as follows:-

"O triste imaginacion  
 para el mal siempre despierta,  
 ¿quién dirá, viendostan cierta,  
 que los sueños sueños son?  
 Que si no son desvarios  
 ver a Amphryso en otros brazos,  
 antes de tales abrazos  
 se vuelven laurel los mios.  
 Mas como Daphnes seré  
 si para Clycie nací  
 pues de donde me perdí  
 jamás los ojos quité.  
 Yo sois sueño, y fuistes viento:  
 medrais, esperanza mia,  
 no os llevara, si solia,  
 que ahora dormís de assiento.  
 Si este desengaño adviente  
 a los sentidos en calma  
 qué tengo dormida el alma  
 ¿qué importa que yo despierte?  
 Pues quanto mas mire en mí  
 el gran sujeto que ame  
 mas obligada estare  
 por lo poco que perdí.  
 Y quando huviera algun medio,  
 que fuera en mi daño firme  
 Ya llega el arrepentirme  
 tan tarde como el remedio.  
 Los hechos dicen que soy  
 de Amphryso por los cabellos,  
 mas yo les respondo a ellos,  
 que por mi passo me voy.  
 Que aunque sea ingrato amante  
 para el alma que le di  
 vivirá tan firme en mí  
 como letras en diamante.

(2)

"The Self-Deceiver."

Deceiv'd and undeceiv'd to be  
 At once I seek with equal care,  
 Wretched in the discovery,  
 Happy if cozen'd still I were:  
 Yet certain ill of ill hath less  
 Than the mistrust of happiness.

But if when I have reach'd my aim  
 (That which I seek less worthy prove),  
 Yet still my love remains the same,  
 The subject not deserving love;  
 I can no longer be excus'd  
 Now more in fault as less abus'd.

Then let me flatter my desires,  
 And doubt what I might know too sure,  
 He that to cheat himself conspires,  
 From falsehood doth his faith secure;  
 In love uncertain to believe  
 I am deceiv'd, doth undeceive.

For if my life on doubt depend,  
 And in distrust inconstant steer,  
 If I essay the strife to end  
 (When Ignorance were Wisdom here),  
 All thy attempts how can I blame  
 To work my death? I seek the same.

Montalvan

Mi engaño, y mi desengaño  
ando a buscar temeroso,  
mi engaño por ser dichoso  
mientras durare el engaño:  
Y aunque consiste mi daño  
en saber lo que aborrezco,  
mi desengaño aperezco,  
por vivir sin rezelarte,  
porque en llegando a esperarte  
con el temor le padezco.

Mas si despues de entendido  
mi desengaño forçoso,  
he de amar menos honroso,  
y no mas arrepentido:  
No quiero hazerme ofendido  
pues mi engaño me disculpa,  
que informarse de la culpa,  
y sin castigar su error,  
es enojar al honor,  
y amar con menos disculpa.

Yo quiero lisongear  
esta vez a mi deseo,  
dudar quiero lo que creo  
(si esto quede ser dudar,)  
Aunque intentar engañar  
con engaños mi cuidado,  
ya es estar desengañado,  
porque en tan incierto amor,  
que desengaño mayor  
que imaginarme engañado?

Mas si en fin para conmigo  
tengo vida en el engaño,  
conquistar mi desengaño,  
es pretender mi castigo:  
Y si yo soy mi enemigo,  
y quien mas mi ofensa trata,  
no es mucho, Rosama ingrata,  
me agravies, pues en rigor,  
yo me deno mas amor  
yo busco lo que me mata.



(3)

A Lady Weeping

As when some brook flies from itself away,  
 The murmuring crystal loosely runs astray;  
 And as about the verdant plain it winds,  
 The meadows with a silver riband binds,  
 Printing a kiss on every flower she meets,  
 Losing herself to fill them with new sweets,  
 To scatter frost upon the lily's head,  
 And scarlet on the gilliflower to spread;  
 So melting sorrow, in the fair disguise  
 Of humid stars, flow'd from bright Cloris' eyes,  
 Which wat'ring every flower her cheek discloses,  
 Melt into jasmines here, there into roses.

Montalvan

Corre con pies de sonora plata,  
 Huyendo de si mismo un arroyuelo,  
 Y dando bueltas por el verde suelo,  
 Con cinta de cristal las flores ata  
 Cruza la selva, y candido retrata  
 Quanto encuentra su liquido desuelo;  
 Pisa un jazmin, y vistese su yelo,  
 Axa una flor, y mirase escarlata.  
 Assi de Clori en liquidas querellas  
 Baxó como pintada mariposa,  
 Un diluvio de lagrimas, o Estrellas.  
 Tocó las flores de su cara hermosa,  
 Y como el agua se detuvo en ellas,  
 Unos vezes fue nieve, otros fue rosa.

Italian

"Commanded by his mistress to woo for her" and its long source in the "Capricci" - "L'Amante Rufiano," Stanze composte a richietta del Signor Giuseppe Fontanella" are omitted here.

(1)

To a Blind Man in Love

Lover, than Love more blind, whose bold thoughts dare  
Fix on a woman is both young and fair!  
If Argus, with a hundred eyes, not one  
Could guard, hop'st thou to keep thine, who hast none?

Answer

I'm blind, 'tis true, but, in Love's rules, defect  
Of sense is aided by the intellect;  
And senses by each other are supplied:  
The touch enjoys what's to the sight denied.

Marino - Capricce - Ad un'orbo ammogliato

Poco seno facesti  
O tu che cieco amante,  
Sposo di bella Donna esser volesti:  
S'Argo con luci tante  
Una vacca à guardar non sù bastante.  
Dimini, come guardar potrai costei  
Tu, che senz' occhi sei?

Risposta

Cieco son'io, mà dell'amato oggetto,  
Che l'occhi'orbo, non vede  
Il pensier mi fa fede, e al difetto  
De la virtù visiva  
Supplisce l'intelletto:  
Dove il guardo no può, la ment'arriva:  
E s'altra pron'Amor più certa chiede  
Cenel ch'è tolto a la vista  
Al tatto crede.

(2)

The Sick Lover

My sickly breath  
 Wastes in a double flame;  
 Whilst Love and Death  
 To my poor life lay claim;  
 The fever, in whose heat I melt,  
 By her that causeth it not felt.

Thou who alone  
 Canst, yet wilt grant no ease,  
 Why slight'st thou one  
 To feed a new disease?  
 Unequal fair! the heart is thine;  
 Ah, why then should the pain be mine?

Guarini - Madrigali VI - Amante infermo

E così pur languendo  
 M'envò trà queste piume, e'n doppio ardore  
 Quinci morte m'affale, e quindi Amore:  
 Nè voi cruda il sentite;  
 Ed è pur vostra colpa, vostra cura,  
 Via più, che di Natura:  
 Che, sprezzando l'un mal, l'altro nudrite;  
 Legge proterva, e ria,  
 Se vostra è il cor, perche la pena è mia?

(3)

Claim to Love

Alas! Alas! thou turn'st in vain  
 Thy beauteous face away,  
 Which, like young sorcerers, rais'd a pain  
 Above its power to lay.

Love moves not, as thou turn'st thy look,  
 But here doth firmly rest;  
 He long ago thy eyes forsook,  
 To revel in my breast.

Thy power on him why hop'st thou more  
 Than his on me should be?  
 The claim thou lay'st to him is poor,  
 To that he owns from me.

His substance in my heart excels  
 His shadow in thy sight;  
 Fire, where it burns, more truly dwells,  
 Than where it scatters light.

Guarini - Madrigali V

Amore è più desio, che bellezza

Crudel, perch'io non v'ami  
 M'havete il sol de be' vostr' occhi tolto:  
 Quasi nel vostro volto  
 Tutto s'annidi, e non nel petto mio.  
 E sia bellezza Amor più, che desio.  
 Mà, lasso, nel mio core  
 Tanto Amore è più Amore,  
 Quanto'l Foco, è più Foco, ov'arde e'encende,  
 Che dove alluma, e splende.

(4) To his Mistress who dreamed he was wounded

Thine eyes, bright Saint, disclose,  
 And thou shalt find  
 Dreams have not with illusive shows  
 Deceiv'd the mind:  
 What sleep presented to the view,  
 Awake, and thou shalt find is true.

Those mortal wounds I bear,  
 From thee begin,  
 Which though they outward not appear,  
 Yet bleed within.  
 Love's flame like active lightning flies  
 Wounding the heart, but not the eyes.

But now I yield to die  
 Thy sacrifice,  
 Nor more in vain will hope to fly  
 From thy bright eyes:  
 Their killing power cannot be shunn'd,  
 Open or closed alike they wound.



Guarini - Madrigali X - Sogna della sua Donna

Morto mi vede la mia morte in sogno  
 Poi desta anco si duol, ch'i viva, e spiri  
 E co'turbati giri  
 Di duc luci sdegnose e homicide  
 Mi faetta, e m'ancide.  
 Occhi ministri del mio fato amaro,  
 Qual fuga, b qual riparo  
 Haurò da voi, se fate  
 Aperti il mio morir, chiusi il mirati?

The next two madrigals seem to have contributed also:

Madrigali XI - Puo dunque un sogna

Puo dunque un sogno temerario, e vile  
 Privo di vita farmi  
 Ne gli occhi di mia vita?  
 Ni potrai tù probarmi,  
 Amor, tu che pur vinci huomini, e Dei.  
 Vivo nel sen di lei?  
 Vendica tù con la tua dolce aita  
 Questo presagio amaro.  
 O fortunato, e caro,  
 Morir in sogno ne'begli occhi suoi  
 Per tornar vivo in quel bel seno poi?

Madrigali XII - Occhi, stelle mortali

Occhi, stelle mortali,  
 Ministre de' miei mali,  
 Che in sogno anco mostrate,  
 Ch'l mio morir bramate,  
 Se chiusi m'accidete  
 Aperti, che farete?

(5)

On his Mistress's Death

Love the ripe harvest of my toils  
 Began to cherish with his smiles,  
 Preparing me to be indued  
 With all the joys I long pursued,  
 When my fresh hopes, fair and full blown  
 Death blasts, ere I could call my own.

Malicious Death! why with rude force  
 Dost thou my Fair from me divorce?  
 False Life! why in this loathed chain  
 Me from my Fair dost thou detain?  
 In whom assistance shall I find?  
 Alike are Life and Death unkind.

Pardon me, Love; thy power outshines,  
 And laughs at their infirm designs.  
 She is not wedded to a tomb,  
 Nor I to sorrow in her room.  
 They, what thou join'st, can ne'er divide  
 She lives in me, in her I died.

Petrarch - Rime in Morte di M.Laura - Ballata VII - Canzone 43

Gli è mitigato il dolore di sopravvivere a lei perchè  
 ella lo conosce.

---

Amor, quando fioria  
 Mia spene e'l guidardon d'ogni mia fede,  
 Tolta m'e quella ond'attendea mercedea.  
 Ahi dispietata morte! ahi crudel vita!  
 L'una m'ha posto in doglia,  
 E mie speranze acerbamente ha spente:  
 L'altra mi ten quaggiù contra mia voglia;  
 E lei, che se n'è gita,  
 Seguir non posso; ch'ella nol consente:  
 Ma pur ogni or presente  
 Nel mezzo del mio cor Madonna siede;  
 E qual è la mia vita ella sel vede.

(6)

To his Mistress in Absence

Far from thy dearest self, the scope  
 of all my aims,  
 I waste in secret flames;  
 And only live because I hope.  
 Oh, when will Fate restore  
 The joys, in whose bright fire  
 My expectation shall expire,  
 That I may live because I hope no more!

Tasso - Rime del Amore

Lunge da gli occhi vostri  
 Io vivo del pensiero  
 Pensosa vita; e vivo perché i spero  
 Spero il lieto ritorno;  
 E s'avverrà che nel felice giorno  
 La mia colce speranza in me si miora  
 Spero viver di gioia.

(7)

Time recover'd

Come, my dear, whilst youth conspires  
 With the warmth of our desires;  
 Envious Time about thee watches,  
 And some grace each minute snatches;  
 Now a spirit, now a ray,  
 From thy eye he steals away;  
 Now he blasts some blooming rose,  
 Which upon thy fresh cheek grows;  
 Gold now plunders in a hair;  
 Now the rubies doth impair  
 Of thy lips; and with sure haste  
 All thy wealth will take at last;  
 Only that of which thou mak'st  
 Use in time, from time thou tak'st.

Girolamo Casone - Rime - Rubbar il Tempo al Tempo

Godiamel Anima mia,  
 Fin che l'età consente  
 Al desir nostro ardente.  
 Ben sai, che'l Tempo avaro  
 Tutte le cose fura,  
 E quel che più n'è caro  
 Ha pria de toglier cura;

Onde il crudele, il ladro,  
 Ch'apre le mani ogn'hora.  
 Per far preda di noi,  
 Hor de'begl'occhi tuoi  
 Un raggio discolora,  
 Hor una rosa sfiora.  
 Del tuo volto leggiadro,  
 E l'oro invola à i crini,  
 E a le labra i rubini  
 Così portando seco  
 Ciò che di bello hai teco.  
 Ma tento toglì al Tempo  
 Quanto tu cogli in Tempo.

(8) The poem ascribed to Garcilasso Marino - "Apollo and Daphne" - has two sources, one Italian and one Spanish.

#### Apollo and Daphne

When Phoebus saw a rugged bark beguile  
 His love, and his embraces intercept,  
 The leaves, instructed by his grief to smile,  
 Taking fresh growth and verdure as he wept:  
 "How can" saith he, "my woes expect release,  
 When tears the subject of my tears increase!"

His chang'd, yet scorn-retaining Fair he kiss'd,  
 From the lov'd trunk plucking a little bough;  
 And though the conquest which he sought he miss'd,  
 With that triumphant spoil adorns his brow.  
 Thus this disdainful maid his aim deceives:  
 Where he expected fruit he gathers leaves.



Garcilasso de la Vega - Soneto XIII

A Daphne ya los brazos le crecian,  
 Y en luengos ramos bueltos se mostravan.  
 En verdes hojas vi que se tornavan  
 Los cabellos que el oro escurecian.  
 De aspera corteza se cubrian  
 Los tiernos miembros, que aun bullendo estavan:  
 Los blancos pies en tierra se hincavan,  
 Y en torcidas raizes se bolvian,  
 Aquel que fue la causa de tal daño,  
 A fuerza de llorar crecer hacia  
 Este arbol, que con lagrimas regava.  
 O miserable estado, o mal tamaño!  
 Que con llorarla, crezea cada dia  
 La causa, y la razon, porque llorava!

Marino - Rime Boscherecce - Transformatione di Dafne in Lauro

Stanca anhelante à la paterna riva  
 Qual suol cervetta affaticata in caccia,  
 Correa piangendo, e con smarrita faccia  
 La Vergine ritrosa, e fuggitiva.  
 E già l'accesso Dio, che la seguiva,  
 Giuta hormai del suo corso havea la traccia,  
 Quando fermar le piante, alzar le braccia  
 Ratto la vide in quel ch'ella fuggiva.  
 Vide il bel piè radice, e vede (ahi fato!)  
 Che roza scorza i vaghi membri asconde,  
 E l'ombra verdezziar del crine aurato.  
 Allor l'abbraccia, e bacia, e de le bionde  
 Chiome fregio novel, dal tronco amato  
 Almen (se'l frutto nò) coglie le fronde.

APPENDIX C.Sherbourne's Sources.

(1)

Conscience

Internal Cerberus! whose griping fangs  
 That gnaw the soul, and the mind's secret pangs:  
 Thou greedy vulture! that dost gorging tire  
 On hearts corrupted by impure desire.  
 Subtle and buzzing hornet! that dost ring  
 A peal of horror, ere thou giv'st the sting:  
 The soul's rough file that smoothness does impart!  
 The hammer that does break a stony heart!  
 The worm that never dies! the thorn within  
 That pricks and pains, the whip and scourge of sin!  
 The voice of God in man! which without rest  
 Doth softly cry within a troubled breast,  
 "To all temptations is that soul left free  
 That makes not to itself a curb of me."

Marino

Alla propria Coscienza

Verme immortal, che con secreto dente  
 i mordaci pensier sempre rimovdi;  
 interno can, che de la pigra mente  
 con perpetuo latrar l'orecchie assordi;  
 Sollecito avoltor, che avidamente  
 intendi a divorar gli affetti ingordi;  
 vespa sottil, ch'a stimulo pungente  
 susurro acuto entro l'unio petto accordi;  
 lima, che rodi l'anima; martello,  
 che l'incude del cor batti si spesso;  
 spina del peccator, sferza e flagello;  
 voce de Dio, che con parlar somnesso  
 mi sgridi e chiami; ah! qual tentato è quello,  
 che non faccia de te freno a se stesso?

(II)

The Pendants

Those asps of gold with gems that shine,  
 And in enamell'd curls do twine,  
 Why, Chloris, in each ear  
 Dost thou for pendants wear?  
 I now the hidden meaning guess  
 Those mystic signs express  
 The stings thine eyes do dart,  
 Killing as snakes, into my heart  
 And shew that to my pray'rs  
 Thine eyes are deaf as theirs.

Marino - Madrigal - Pendenti in forma d'aspidi

Quegli aspidi lucenti,  
 che, d'oro e smalto picciol orbe attorti,  
 da l'orecchie pendenti,  
 vaga Lilla, tu porti,  
 dimimi: che voglion dir? Si, si, t'intendo:  
 son de le pene altrui crude ed integne  
 misteriose insegne;  
 Ché, qual aspe mordendo,  
 cruda ferisci altrui, sorda non senti  
 preghi, pianti o lamenti.

(III)

Celia WeepingA Dialogue

Lover. Say gentle God of Love, in Celia's breast,  
 Can joy and grief together rest?

Love. No: for those differing passions are,  
 Nor in one heart at once can share.

Lover. Why grieves her's then at once, and joys,  
 Whilst it another's heart destroys?

Love. Mistaken Man! that grief she shows,  
 Is but what martyr'd hearts disclose,  
 Which in her breast tormented lie,  
 And life can neither hope, nor die.

Lover. And yet a shower of pearly rain,  
Does her soft cheek's fair roses stain.

Love. Alas! those tears you her's surmise  
Are the sad tribute of poor lover's eyes.

Chorus - Lover and Love

What real, then, in woman can be known,  
When nor their joys, nor sorrows are their own?

Guarini. Sopra il Pianto di Donna Crudele

Dialogo

Amante, Amore

CXX

Amante. Amor, può star insieme  
Nel seno di costei duolo, e diletto?

Amore. Nò, che nemico è l'un de l'altro affetto.

Amante. Perche dunque hà dolore,  
Er de l'altrui languir pasce il suo core?

Amore. Perche del suo non vive, e quel tormento  
E di tei nudrimento.

Amante. E pur versa da gli occhi amari pianti.

Amore. Lagrime son di tributari amanti.

(IV) Celia's Eyes

A Dialogue

Lover. Love! tell me, may we Celia's eyes esteem  
Or eyes, or stars? for stars they seem.

Love. Fond, stupid man! know stars they are,  
Nor can Heaven boast more bright or fair.



Lover. Are they or erring lights or fixed? say!

Love. Fixed: yet lead many a heart astray.

Guarini                      Madrigali - Camilla Bella

Dialogo

Amante, Amore

Amante. Deh dimmi, Amore, se gl'occhi de Camilla  
Son'occhi, ò pur due Stelle?

Amore. Sciocco, non hà possanza  
Natura, à cui virtute il ciel prescisse  
Di far luci sì belle.

Amante. Son elle erranti, ò fisse?

Amore. Fisse, mà de gli Amanti  
Far gir (nò 'l provi tù) l'anime erranti.

(V)

The Fountain

Stranger! whoe'er thou art, that stoop'st to taste  
 These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste:

Nor of their fall

The murmurs (though the lyre  
 Less sweet be) stand t'admire:

But as you shall

See from this marble tun  
 The liquid crystal run;

And mark withal

How fixt the one abides  
 How fast the other glides:

Instructed thus, the diff'rence learn to see  
 'Twixt mortal life, and immortality.

This comes from "La Fontana" by Maffeo Barberini whose poems were published in 1635. He afterwards became Pope Urban VIII.

La Fontana

Qui, dove sorge la volubil onda,  
 arresta i passi, o pellegrino, e intento  
 in mille guise il bel limpido argento  
 mira cader del fonte in sulla sponda.

S'erge altronde l'amor ch'in copia abbonda,  
 in stille altronde piove; indi non lento  
 vibrasi in giuso, e quivi in un momento  
 sale e in sé torna ond'è ch'in sé s'asconda.

E mentre or poggia or cade o in sé si rota,  
 talor si spande, or sé medesmo fiede,  
 si d'uno in altro moto si trasforma,

Che, sebben nel cristal mobile immota  
 sua sembianza abbia il fonte, l'occhio crede  
 ch'ognor si cangi in varia e nuova forma.

(VI)

A Shepherd inviting a Nymph to his Cottage

Dear! on yon mountain stands my humble cot,  
 'Gainst sun and wind by spreading oaks secur'd:  
 And with a fence of quickset round immur'd  
 That of a cabin makes a shady grot.  
 My garden's there: o'er which the spring hath spread  
 A flow'ry robe; where thou may'st gather posies  
 Of gilliflowers, pinks, jessamines, and roses,  
 Sweets for thy bosom, garlands for thy head.

Down from that rock's side runs a purling brook,  
 In whose unsullied face,  
 (Though thine needs no new grace)  
 Thou may'st, as thou think'st best, compose thy look,  
 And then thine own fair object made,  
 Try which (judg'd by the river) may be said.  
 The greater fire,  
 That which my breast feels, or thy eyes inspire.

Preti - Un Pastore invita la sua Ninfa alla Montagna

Cinthia, colà trà quelle balze alpine  
 Stassi la mia capanna opaco, ombrosa  
 La difende dal ciel quercia frondosa,  
 E le fan muro intorno ortiche, e spine.

Giace un mio giardinello in quel confine,  
 C'ha una veste di fior varia, e pomposa:  
 La calta, il croco, il gelsomin, la rosa  
 Daran fregi al tuo sen, ghirlande al crine.

La scaturisce un'onda in grembo al monte,  
 Nel cin specchio potrai limpido, e schietto  
 Mirar quanto se'bella, ornar la fronte.

Così tù stessa à tuoi begli occhi oggetto,  
 Vedrai, qual sia maggior (quidice il Fonte)  
 L'ardor de le tue luci, ò del mio petto.

APPENDIX D.

The following is Ayres version of the poem just quoted,  
a typically freer rendering than that of Sherburne.

(I) Invites his Nymph to his Cottage

On yon hill's top which this sweet plain commands,  
Fair Cynthia, all alone my cottage stands,  
'Gainst storms, and scorching heats well fortified,  
With pines and spreading oaks on ev'ry side.

My lovely garden too adjoining lies,  
Of sweetest flowers, and of the richest dyes:  
The tulip, jas'min, emony, and rose,  
Of which we'll garlands for thy head compose.

Nature to make my fountain, did its part,  
Which ever flows without the help of Art,  
A faithful mirror shall its waters be,  
Where thou may'st sit beneath a shady tree,

Admiring what above the world I prize,  
Thyself, the object of thine own fair eyes;  
And which is greatest let the Spring proclaim,  
Thy powers of love, or this my amorous flame.

(II) Cynthia on Horseback

Fair Cynthia mounted on her sprightly pad,  
Which in white robe with silver fringe was clad  
And swift as wind his graceful steps did move,  
As with his beauteous guide he'd been in love.

Though fierce, yet humble still to her command,  
Obeying ev'ry touch of her fair hand;  
Her golden bit his foaming mouth did check,  
It spread his crest, and rais'd his bending neck.

She was the rose upon this hill of snow,  
Her sparkling beauty made the glorious show;  
Whence secret flames men in their bosoms took:



The graces and the Cupids her surround,  
 Attending her, while cruel she does wound  
 With switch her horse, and hearts with ev'ry look.

This poem of which Professor Saintsbury says "It deserves a place in an anthology of the not very well-worn subject, with "The Last Ride Together" as a centrepiece," is a translation of Preti's "La Donna a Cavallo."

Frenava il mio bel Sol vago destriero,  
 ch'avea di neve il manto, il crin d'argento;  
 movea veloci i passi a par del vento  
 e insuperbia di sì bel pondo altero.  
 Pronto di bella man seguia l'impero,  
 a la sferza, a la voce, al cenno intento;  
 dorato il morso avea, spumoso il mento,  
 lungo il crin, curvo il collo, il cor guerriero.  
 Sovra un colle di neve un fior pareva  
 colei, ma per odor spirava ardori,  
 ed ogni cor fra quelle nevi ardea.  
 Parean le Grazie ei faretrati Amori  
 ministri a lei d'intorno; ella pungea  
 con lo sprone il destrier, col guardo i cori.

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